Northern Messenger

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In the Land of the Great Pagoda.

AN AMERICAN LADY'S IMPRESSION OF BURMAH AND ITS PEOPLE.

(Mrs. A. H. Young, of Ohio, in the 'Christian Herald.')

We sailed from Liverpool on board the 'Cheshire,' passed through the Bay of Biscay without serious discomfort, and passed Gibraltar about 4.30 on a bright moonlight morning. The coast of Morocco was near on our right. Our voyage over the 'Blue Mediterranean' was not as pleasant as anticipated, as we had cloudy weather. We went through the Straits of Bonifacio, past the volcano of Stromboli, down the beautiful Italian coast and through the Straits of Messina. We had a brief stop at Port Said—that wicked, dreary city; and that evening, as we lay in dock, Paul Kruger's vessel passed us, carrying him to Holland. Next day we passed through the Canal. About two o'clock, Nov. 26, we cast anchor in the Harbor of Colombo, Ceylon. How beautiful the shore looked, with its tall palm trees and picturesque houses! We had a day and a half in that interesting place—well worth crossing two oceans to see! Marcus and I did not ride in jinrikishas; we secured a victoria, and had some delightful, never-to-be-forgotten drives. We drove seven miles to see a famous Buddhist temple and visited several large missions.

We sailed up the Rangoon River Dec. 3 and were met by a welcoming party, who waving a small American flag, announced themselves, and gave us the feeling that we were still among friends. We were soon on board their launch and were taken ashore, where we separated, to find hospitable entertainment with our dear Rangoon people. In the evening we were given a pleasant reception, many missionaries coming from various stations to meet arriving friends. I alone was a total stranger, but I soon found many friends. If first impressions are lasting, I will certainly love Burmah as well as many others who have spent the best of their lives here.

Two days later, we left for Tunngoo, where we remained till after New Year's Day. Another all night railway journey brought us to Thazie, where we found our goods, and spent two days loading bullock carts. On the evening of January 5, we began our long jungle journey. We were unable to get riding ponies, so we walked most of the time for the first two weeks, covering a stage of about ten miles each day, and resting in the convenient bungalows built by the English for official and other travellers. We made two brief halts, then, at Monie, had a two weeks' visit with mission friends. The rest of the journey was toilsome and difficult. The cart-road ending, we transferred our goods to pack bullocks, mules and coolies, and mounted riding ponies. We now pursued our journey by narrow, often dangerous, mountain mule-paths, travelling slightly northeast, to the Salween River, then almost due east one hundred miles. The scenery and vegetation were beautiful, but we were sometimes too tired to appreciate them. We reached Keng-Tung, February 26. It was weeks before I felt rested, but we began at once to look for a suitable site. After much walking and consultation with the English officers—who have been very kind and helpful—we found an excellent compound, high and level, just within the principal gate. The view to the north-west is magnificent, though the high city wall spoils our view of the valley in other directions; but we can see the mountains on every side. We are hastening to complete our buildings before the rains, which have already begun, become heavy and steady. Marcus has overworked and has not been able to be with the men all of the time for the last two weeks.

THE GREAT ENG-DAW-ZA PAGODA AT MANDALAY.

Keng-Tung State has a population of 190,000, the city within the walls 11,000, and the surrounding valley 40,000. This is large for such an isolated mountain state. There is much wealth, and also wretched poverty. Slavery for debt existed when the English first came here. The better classes live in substantial houses of brick, tile and wood, and dress nicely, often richly. The women and children are often quite pretty, notwithstanding the blackened teeth and slits in the ears. The poorer houses are of bamboo and grass. There are many natural resources little appreciated by the natives, who are good-natured, easy-going, and know little of the great busy world beyond their mountain walls. They are as light in complexion as the Chinese, to whom they are related. They seem bright, but are like untaught children; few can read and write.

The little Burman boys are put into the monasteries for education, but the lazy, worthless priests do little for them. There are about a thousand of these Buddhist monasteries in the state. Large sums are lavished upon the buildings, gilded pagodas, the images, and the priests. Buddhism is of a degraded type here; the people are very superstitious, worship demons, and have many serious vices.

The industries are primitive—weaving mats, baskets, and silk and cotton cloth, paper-making, pottery, some wood-carving and bazaaring, being the principal ones. The English plan to push the cart-road to the Salween River this year; we hope before much longer, that it will be extended to

us. The roads through city and valley are good. Had I gone to Bassein, my work would have been pleasant and no doubt comparatively easy.

Here, I am the only white woman within two hundred miles, and the work will be slow and difficult. But though there are many hard and annoying things, the blessings and privilege of beginning the work in this large, important field, far outweigh them.

The Study of the Dandelion

(By C. B. Scott.)

Does the dandelion have any relations to man, or any higher relations? To our practical, matter-of-fact reader may come visions—or nightmares—of the intensely bitter dandelion tea administered in childhood by mother or grandmother as a 'spring medicine.' Perhaps we remember with more pleasure the dandelion greens made from the young leaves. So the dandelion is of some use to man.

It may be that we recall the persistent but often vain efforts to eradicate the dandelion from our lawn. Now that we understand better the resources of the plant, we are not much surprised that we were defeated in our struggle with it. Perhaps we have noticed how the dandelion accompanies man in his conquest over nature; seems to thrive best in the vicinity of man. It is, in some degree, dependent on or affected by man.

Are we still young enough, in heart, to enjoy telling time as we did in childhood, by seeing how many 'blows' it takes to scatter all the seeds in a head; or, by a similar process trying to discover 'whether mother wants us?' Perhaps we have not forgotten how to make dandelion curls and dandelion chains. The dandelions were close to us and dear to us in our childhood days.

Has the thought come to us that the despised wayside weed is more to man than medicine or food or a plant-pest or a plaything; that it may have a higher function or use for man? Have we appreciated the beauty of its contrasting green and gold, and the exquisite delicacy of its cluster of seeds? Why is it, like hosts of other weeds, so pretty? Its beauty is not essential for seed-making. Why is it that—

'Dandelion through the meadow makes
A royal road with seals of gold?'

Why is it that among the flowers, the

'Stars that in earth's firmament do shine,'

we find most frequently about our homes

'the dandelions, bright
As if night had spilt her stars?'

Is it not because they are related to something higher in man than his physical or material nature? Have we really studied the dandelion with our children until we have helped them to appreciate its beauty; not only the beauty of color and form, but, far higher than these, its beauty of function and adaptation, the way in which it is fitted for and performs its work? The dandelion ministers to the aesthetic nature of the child. Indeed, unless the study leads to a fuller enjoyment of the beauty of nature, we have gained little from our nature study.

Longfellow has said—

'In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.'

As we study the mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness of all parts of the plant, as we discover how they help by insects and wind and rain and sun, do no lessons come to us, and even more strongly to our children, concerning our relations to the world about us? How akin to the child are the dandelion and the violet, of which Lowell writes—

'For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.'

The dandelion is a symbol of man. Its life if full of symbolism for the children. From the study of the plant, from what comes to the child through his eyes, the gateways to his soul, our boys and girls can better appreciate what they receive from their environment, and what they owe to it. Hans Andersen brings out these ethical lessons in 'The Apple Branch,' and in many other tales. Thus the dandelion may minister to the ethical nature of the child—and of his teacher.

We cannot stop with the aesthetic beauty or any friend of temperance, as they are our wayside friend. Everything about it points to its Source. It is one of 'these living pages of God's book,' a leaf in the 'mnauscript of God.' Its form and structure and plan, and, much more, its life and adaptation or fitness for its place, points to its Maker. Unless we, and our boys and girls, look from nature's God, our study of the dandelion or of nature has missed its highest value. In this highest spiritual relation we discover that which illumines and relates and unifies all else.

Perhaps we can now better understand and appreciate the thought from Tenny son with which we began—

'Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.'
—From 'Nature Studies and the Child.'

Teach Your Scholars to Think

Someone has said, 'One of the first elements of good teaching is good "thinking."' Is it not also true that a thinking teacher will have thinking scholars? A teacher is successful, in the best sense of the word, as he makes his scholars 'finders' of the truth rather than 'receivers.' A sponge will receive water readily when immersed in it, and will almost as readily part with it when removed. A successful teacher will not consent to have his scholars become sponges in the reception of religious truth, but will so impress them that they will be urged to mental activity in seeking and finding the truth for themselves.

How can scholars be taught to think? One of the best methods to teach them to think is to draw from them their opinion of any part of the lesson. Let each scholar go digging for thought in the lesson.

In this way three very desirable things will be accomplished:

1. Your scholars will learn to think.

2. They will learn to have opinions about God's word.

3. They will learn to express their opinion about God's word.

Teach your scholars to think.—'Living Epistle.'

Fruitful Labor

A well-known Wesleyan minister, in a public address on home mission work, delivered recently, related the following anecdote of the Rev. Charles Garrett and the late Lord Derby, which incident, the speaker said, he had from Mr. Garrett's own lips not long ago. Lord Derby on one occasion questioned Mr. Garrett as to the actual value of his work in Liverpool among the 'gutter children.'

'Can you give me, Mr. Garrett,' said Lord Derby, 'any indisputable evidence that your efforts for these outcast boys and girls are really not in vain?'

'Well,' said Mr. Garrett, in reply, 'I think I can. You know Mr. ——, who is at present music-teacher to your son?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Lord Derby, 'I know him quite well.'

'That gentleman,' continued Mr. Garrett, 'was once one of my "gutter boys."'

Needless to say Lord Derby did not require any more convincing proof of the sterling value of Mr. Garrett's work.—'Sunday Companion.'

Teachers and Parents.

Parents and teachers in Sunday-school work, as in day school work, should have a sympathetic acquaintance. In both there is a growing tendency to get them together occasionally at the school. 'Mothers' day' in public schools bids fair to become a custom, invitations being sent out by the teachers, and the day's programme varied with a few special exercises. So, in recent celebrations of a 'parents' day' in several Sunday-schools, it is noticeable that the invitations sent out were signed by the teachers, and issued to the members of their classes. While the celebration was by the whole school, the point of contact, the personal element, was in the teachers' greeting to the parents of their scholars. And whether the exercises of 'parents' day' were simple, and very little changed from the ordinary programme, or were more varied and complex, the real impression was made by the mutual acquaintance of parents and teachers, and their mutual sense of obligation to the children under their care.—'Sunday-School Times.'

While I am Here.

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends,
To spare for me—if you have tears to shed
That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray,
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

If you have flowers to give—fair lily buds,
Pink roses, daisies (meadow stars that be
Mine own dear namesakes)—let them bloom and make
The air, while I yet breathe it, sweet for me;

For loving looks, though fraught with tenderness,
And kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast,
And words of praise, alas! can naught avail
To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice,
Offered to one who can no longer gaze
Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins laid
Impart no sweetness to departed days.

—'Waif.'

You would get as much food in a pennyworth of oatmeal as in a shilling's worth of alcohol.—Dr. Edmunds.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Pets From the Philippines.

(By Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in 'The Youth's Companion.')

The Island of Luzon has been called the 'Pearl of the Philippines,' and, like Cuba, is a marvel of scenic charm and productiveness. The two islands enjoy the same climate of perpetual summer, their mountain ranges are almost exactly of the same average height, and are clothed to their very summits with evergreen forests; but from a zoological point of view there could hardly be two more different countries in the world.

Martin Pinzon, the companion of Columbus, refused to credit the reports of his men when they told him there was no game in the Cuban coast-jungles. He thought they must have been afraid to leave the open beach, and he took personal charge of the next foraging expedition.

He found birds enough to fill his hunting-bags and more mosquitoes than he needed, but not the slightest trace of four-footed animals. There were dense coast-thickets but no bears or wild hogs; hill-forests, but no deer; beautiful mountain-meadows, but no sheep, cattle or goats. There were not even rabbits in the cliffs.

A MISCHIEVOUS MACAQUE.

In the coast-hills of Luzon, on the other hand, the dawn of day is heralded by the

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TRIBE OF THE MACAQUES.

multitudinous screams of little monkeys. Tree-cats occasionally raid the top branches and give the monkeys some reason for screaming. The hills echo the bay of wild dogs; wild pigs rustle about the jungle, and jackals prowl along the beach in quest of sea-spoil. There are three varieties of deer in the uplands, and all sorts of curious rodents can be trapped in the rocks of the sierras.

As a consequence, the cities of the Philippines swarm with pets, and the supply is beginning to overflow into the zoological curiosity-shops of the seaport towns of the United States. The Luzon contributions chiefly represent the tribe of the macaques (pronounced makáks).

'Poor fellow! Ten thousand miles away from home, and feeling homesick, aren't you?' said a kind-looking old gentleman, patting the macacus of a Boston dealer. 'Half your tail gone, too, and nothing but carrots for dinner.'

The bobtailed Oriental seemed half-asleep, but there was a peculiar twitching about one of his eyelids.

'Poor pet!' resumed the visitor. 'Yes, he's homesick, I can see that,' and at that mo-

A COMPARATIVELY HARMLESS FILIPINO.

ment the monkey from Manila shot out a long-fingered hand and snatched off the sympathetic gentleman's spectacles.

Luzon exports an almost equally mischievous rock-baboon, and the ringed lemur, a sort of night-monkey, with owl eyes and a bush tail that can be made to encircle his neck like a shawl. The sudden opening of those big eyes has a weird effect; but their owner is a comparatively harmless Filipino, and needs not much persuasion to nestle in the overcoat pocket of his protector. If, moreover, that pocket should happen to be furnished with handkerchiefs, he will wrap himself up like a pet gray squirrel, and express his delight in a curious chuckle.

WHEN 'MONO BRUXO' WAKES UP.

But at about six or eight o'clock in the evening, according to the season of the year, the 'Lemus torquatus' wakes up and begins to explore his boarding-house; cautiously at first, then in wider and wider leaps, taking jumps of ten and twelve feet without ever miscalculating his distance by a hairbreadth.

He will hop on his master's knee, down again, and up on an armchair; there he will crouch for a moment with quivering bush tail, then double up for a spring and land on a book-shelf at the opposite end of the room, or on the door of a cupboard, or on his own cage, but never on the lamp. He inspected that the moment it was brought in, and touched the chimney long enough to satisfy himself that it had better be admired from a distance.

He isn't very particular about keeping in the shade; light does not seem to hurt his eyes, in spite of their owlish appearance; but he may have reasons of his own for

PORCUPINE FISH.

foraging during that part of the solar day which is, on the whole, the quieter half of the twenty-four hours.

'Mono bruxo'—'ghost monkey'—the Filipinos call him. He never appears in the daytime, and would he but lie quiet in his nest in a hollow branch, his existence would never be suspected. But curiosity is apt to get the better of his discretion, and if a hunter strikes his nest-tree with an axe, a black face with a pair of still blacker eyes will peep down from a knot-hole to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

The hunter then marks the tree, and an hour later returns with a bag and a forked stick. Master Torquatas has gone to sleep by that time, and is aroused when the fork gets a good hitch in his fur and twists him out of his dormitory.

A bushy-tailed and extremely wide-awake islander is the Luzon dwarf fox, which is often caught in the cliffs of the sierras and caged as we would cage a gopher or weasel. 'Perrito' means literally 'doggy,' and there is really something puppyish about the appearance of young hill foxes, but their ears soon get too sharp to leave a doubt about their affinity.

A DOG THAT IS NOT A DOG.

The perrito is a true fox, although not nearly as heavy as a Kentucky fox-squirrel, and quite able to live on a vegetable diet. He will eat bread, berries and grapes, and the Filipinos even get him used to boiled flour, flavored with a few drops of oil; but the instincts of his species revive if he is turned loose in a room enlivened by scampering rodents.

A nursing perrito hides her whelps as best she can, bundling them away in the dark-

A HORNBILL.

ost corner of an old cracker-box, or even in the leg of a jack-boot. A week after they have their eyes open the pretty little animals will venture out of their own accord, have a leaping match after a cockroach or grasshopper, or roll about on the floor, pawing one another like playful kittens.

As the days go by they become more enterprising, and contrive to scrape a gopher out of his wire trap without waiting for the assistance of their keeper. In default of other fun, they will tiptoe their way to the stove, where a Newfoundland puppy lies snoring on his rug. For a minute or longer they will stand, closely watching the young giant; then they will crouch down and approach with a catlike wriggle, until one of them touches the sleeper. Upon that all will scamper back, frightened at their own boldness.

The Luzon kalong bat, with his enormous skin wings folded, is hardly as big as a

half-grown rabbit, and normally weighs from a pound and a half to a pound and three-quarters; but breakfast, at which he gorges himself with bananas and boiled carrots, increases his weight by some sixty percent. At noon he is ready for lunch, but he reserves his chief effort for supper.

SOME EVER-HUNGRY BATS.

These winged gluttons infest the eastern archipelago from Sumatra to Luzon, and would be a worse plague than the Egyptian locusts if their habitat were not a region of inexhaustible fertility. A Philippine banana-planter can work one day a week and get more food from an acre of ground than a hard-working American wheat farmer could possibly raise on twenty acres; but it has been proved that even that enormous harvest could be doubled if it were possible to keep bats and monkeys away.

As it is, the depredations never cease, night or day, and by way of getting even, the Filipinos cage and sell as many of the marauders as they can trap. In San Francisco tame kalong bats cost about five dollars apiece, but in Manila the gardeners bring them to market in home-made cages, and are glad to sell a pair, cage and all, for two reals—about twenty-five cents.

Fishermen sell jars full of porcupine fish, and there is no end of bird-dealers, peddling winged curiosities of all sorts, from a silk finch to a fire pheasant.

Of parrots alone Luzon boasts some twenty different species, besides a variety of pretty parrakeets, including the 'spike-tail,' a grayish green pet with a passion for nest-building, and ready to begin operations at short notice. A swarm let loose in a vacant room, with a row of nest-boxes, will waste one day fighting for building lots, and after that they will almost forget eating and drinking in their eagerness to forage for material.

Ready-made nests would spoil half their fun, and they are never happier than in a tussle with an old cotton bedquilt or a little bale of hay. Picking out shreds of bedding, a billiful at a time, is just what suits their idea of a picnic, and they never stop screeching while daylight lasts.

A family with a spare attic might find it a profitable investment to raise the little creatures for the pet-market. They hatch twice a year, from three to five eggs, and are not especially fastidious boarders. Grain, canary-seed, breadcrumbs—it is all the same to housekeepers who are too busy to waste much time on meals. For the sake of their nestlings, however, their crumbs should now and then be mixed with a hash of meat scraps and hard-boiled eggs.

They are about the most restless of all feathered creatures, but in the matter of noisiness they are far surpassed by another feathered Filipino—the great hornbill, a creature with a head a foot and a half long, and a voice that has been described as something between the bray of a donkey and the screech of a locomotive.

Captive hornbills are rather subdued, perhaps because their keepers have learned the trick of drowning every screech with a dash of cold water.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Baby Nellie's Adventure.

(By M. H. Coyne.)

An event in the life of one of the early settlers on the north shore of Lake Erie has been called by the small folk to whom I related it, 'Baby Nellie's Adventure,' which I will now relate:—

Baby Nellie danced like a fairy changeling across her father's cabin floor the while she sang at the top of her small voice, 'I have black eyes and black hair and skin of a piece, and so I am Harding's Indian baby.'

True, Nellie did look oddly out of place among the settler's blonde brood, for her numerous brothers and sisters were tall and straight as Lombardy poplars, with blue eyes and hair of varying shades from brown to auburn and sandy, but all had complexions so clear and white they seemed to defy the sun and wind to darken them. For that they were the wondering envy of their sun-tanned neighbors, until 'fair as a Harding' had among them become a descriptive term for a fair complexion. Then, several years after any other little strangers were looked for in this well-filled family circle, came this little dark-haired Nellie. Her eyes were large and dark, beautiful as those of a deer, but there the truth of the song her youngest brother had taught the child to sing about herself ended. Roses and cream were a nearer description of her complexion, for the petal of a rose was scarcely smoother or softer than her lovely skin, which, faintly tinged with olive, deepened to a rosy tinge on the cheeks to match the crimson of her lips.

Light of foot, graceful, ever merry and happy, Baby Nell was the delight, of not her father and mother only, but of her sisters and brothers also. The youngest brother, especially, petted and loved her, but boy-like, while doing so, taught her much that mother hardly approved of.

This song, for instance, she disliked to hear the child sing, but could hardly give reasons therefor. All attempts to draw attention from it, the rebuke the parents gave the grinning brother, seemed only to deepen the little one's liking for the doggerel.

One day the home was very quiet, the elder children were off to the distant school, the father had gone to the no less distant store for some needed supplies, and Nellie at home played at working for the latter. At last, knowing it was near time for the father to return, her mother bade the little one to run to a certain tall stump and there play while she waited for him.

When she had tied on the little white sun bonnet, and kissed the rosy lips, the mother resumed her household duties and was soon so busy trying to get some extra tasks finished during the unusual quiet, that she gave no heed to the child until startled by the appearance of Harding at the kitchen door and his quick demand, 'Where's Nellie? See what I brought her!' and he held up a gay toy the while he glanced around for the tiny form.

'She was at the stump, your usual tryst. You came the other way?' she answered.

'But I did not. I passed the stump because I thought she would be there,' he cried in some anxiety, and going to the gate he shrilled a whistle, then called loudly, 'Nellie! Nellie!' Receiving no answer, he searched the yard and woods, calling her name, but no baby cry responded, and wild with alarm he rushed to meet the other children returning from school in hopes that she might have preceded him there. The mother, father and the elder children hurried to the neighbors, all, of course, at quite a distance, but alas! no one had seen her, no one had heard anything, but soon all who could were out on the hunt. That night the wild beasts and birds had a disturbed time, for lanterns gleamed and loud calls rang through the forest. A lost child will anywhere rouse pity and anxiety in the coldest heart, but for one lost in the woods there are so many dangers, so little hope of safety, that anxiety is increased tenfold.

Little Nellie had gone to the usual waiting place, and had amused herself with the playthings, bits of broken crockery, bright pebbles, moss, odds and ends from home or the woods, which she had gathered there, when Chief Jack, an Indian, head of a small band encamped near by, came and sat on a log beside her. The child did not fear him, had, indeed, often seen him at her father's house. When he was sober he was quite a fine, intelligent fellow, and, though now befuddled with the bad whiskey from the settlement store, he merely sat watching the child, greatly amused in a silly way as she brought to him her toys and explained in her baby language about them. Soon she began to sing, 'I have black eyes and black hair, and skin of a piece, and I am a little Indian baby.' 'Ugh! ugh!' grunted Jack, and he listened more intently. Yes! it was surely true, the baby's eyes were black, and dark were the soft little rings of hair peeping from under the white sun bonnet; and there she was herself telling him, she was a little Indian. 'Ugh,' said he, 'You sure you Indian baby?' She nodded most emphatically as she assured him, 'Yes! I little Indian baby.' 'Well,' said Jack, 'I did think Harding one good pale face,' and with a dejected air, he drunkenly rose to his feet, steadied himself to pick Nellie up, saying 'Come, see little Injin babies; lots of them.' 'Good! good!' laughed Nellie, 'you got babies and we meet my papa?' 'Yes,' promised Jack, gravely lying, and the child, nestled into his arms, talking in her baby fashion and playing with the beaded pouch he had put in her hands to amuse her until the motion and the warm day produced their effect, and she slept soundly, slept as babies will, for hours.

Meanwhile, when Jack appeared with the stolen child, his people became alarmed. Vague fears of the white man's laws, of the vengeance he might take, overcame even their sympathy for the bereaved parents. One woman did offer to carry the child back to its home, but Jack sternly forbade that. She had lost a child a short time before, and he told her she might have the care of this one, and soon selfishness was struggling in her mind with pity for the other mother. The band had been about to move to another place for better fishing, and now it was resolved to move at once, and soon with the celerity with which Indians can change quarters, they were miles away. So it chanced that when one of those who sought the child hastened to enlist the friendly aid of the Indians, their camp was found deserted. No one thought of blaming them for her disappearance, however, for was not Harding a special friend to the Indians, and they would not harm him, even in case of a rising against the whites.

In a few days, the neighbors, sorry as they were for the Hardings, gave the search up and resumed their usual daily duties,

but around that homestead these were performed in only the most perfunctory manner every moment that could be saved being devoted to searching the caves and hollow trees, every crevice and hiding place to which a wild beast might resort, but of course, not a trace of the missing child appeared.

The mother's health suffered so severely from the strain that she was unable to rise from her bed, and it was pitiful to see her wistful eyes questioning each unsuccessful searcher.

One evening, as the family sadly gathered round the table to eat their simple evening meal, which, under the mother's directions, had been prepared by the youngest remaining girl, a face looked in at the uncurtained window, and an instant after the kitchen door was quietly opened. An Indian lad of about fifteen stood in the doorway, and asked for 'Mis' Harding.' At the sound of his voice the eager mother, ever alert for news of her lost little one, staggered up and stepped towards him, with outstretched hands as if to clasp her baby.

'Yes!' said the lad, in answer to her unspoken question. 'I bring you word of her. She is well, and happy, your little papoose.' and his voice was soft with pity, though it changed its tone to one of entreaty, with yet an undercurrent of menace, as he turned to Mr. Harding, whose expression told of angry suspicion underlying his joy.

'Promise me; swear by the white man's good book you will not harm anyone who has stolen your baby, and I will take you safely to her, and in four suns she,' nodding at the mother, 'shall once more kiss her little one.'

'I promise, I promise!' said the agonized father. But the lad smiled bitterly, as he said, 'White men have been known to break their promises to Indians. Take the Book,' for he had lived much among the whites, and was keenly observant.

The Bible, the great family Bible, was quickly brought by one of the children from the table in the next room; the lad stretched out his hand, took the book and held it long enough to read its title, then handed it to Harding, who solemnly promised by its sacred pages to do no harm, bear no malice to those who had spirited away his child, and that he would allow no one to do so, so far as it was in his power to prevent such.

The wretched father assured him he was so anxious to get little Nellie, he would care little for revenge, but 'Why,' he asked, 'should any one of your people seek to injure me or mine?'

'Too much fire-water; bad stuff for white man, worse for Indian,' was the puzzling answer.

In a very short time Harding was ready to follow his Indian guide, and in the meantime Mrs. Harding, to whom the joyful excitement had lent a fictitious strength, hospitably entertained the boy. To most of her questions he shook his head, pretending to not understand the English, but many times assured her of the welfare of little Nellie.

Unerringly the young Indian guided Harding until on the morning of the second day by his advice Harding entered alone, and standing near a certain hut, demanded in a loud voice to see the chief, as he desired to employ some of the tribesmen to aid him in discovering the fate of a lost child.

The boy disappeared, and Harding proceeded to obey his directions, taking care, however, to speak Nellie's name with special distinctness, and accenting it in an odd way used only by himself. The second time he uttered the name there was a sharp cry of 'Mine Daddie, mine Daddie,' and a small form flew from a near-by hut and hurled itself into his outspread arms. It was quickly, but not too quickly, followed by an Indian woman, who, when Chief Jack strutted up, prepared to defend his theft, pretended to make effort to get the child from the father's arms.

Catching the idea from some few words she muttered Harding grasped Jack's hand and began most effusively to thank him for rescuing his child, at the same time inviting him to come to his house for reward.

Before they left his camp Jack owned up to the true part he had played, and ended with, 'What you teach her sing that fool song for?' and then laughed most heartily when told who had taught it to her, and how persistently she had clung to it. Jack sent the boy a toy canoe, with word that it was a gift for his 'fool brother,' the fact being he shrewdly guessed at the boy's remorse when he should learn the origin of all the trouble.

Great was the rejoicing which hailed the little wanderer, who had been petted and made much of by the Indians, but she could not be quite happy on account of homesickness, so in pity her adopted mother had sent her son to tell the Hardings how to rescue the child.

The Captive Girl

A TRUE STORY.

(Kathie Moore, in the 'Presbyterian.')

Not very far from the good city of Philadelphia lives a little girl named Regina. She is a dear little girl, with a very fair face, blue eyes, bright hair and pink cheeks. Grandma says she is the very image of the little Regina who was carried off by the Indians so long, long ago.

This story of Grandma's is one of the saddest stories in our early history—a true story and a wonderful one.

Little Regina—the one who was carried off by the Indians—lived in a cabin in the forest, not far from where Harrisburg now stands. That part of Pennsylvania was then a forest, with wild animals and savage Indians roaming through it.

Regina had a father and mother, a brother fifteen years old, a sister thirteen years old, and a baby brother of three. Regina herself was ten. Regina was a little Christian. She loved the Saviour and always asked his help in time of danger; then there was a little hymn she was very fond of singing. She and her mother sang it every evening after they had said their prayers.

Alone, and not alone, am I
Though in this solitude so drear,
I feel my Saviour always nigh ;
He comes the weary hours to cheer,
I am with Him and He with me,
E'en here alone I cannot be.

That is the hymn they sang, and God used it in a very strange and wonderful way to bring Regina back to her mother after she had been stolen by the Indians.

One day Regina's mother went to the mill for flour, taking the little boy with her. The mill was a long way off. It took her all day to make the journey. When she returned back in the evening nothing was left of her home but a heap of smoking ruins. The little house she had loved so well, and the barn that was filled with grain, were burned to the ground. Not far away lay the bodies of her husband and son, murdered by the Indians and scalped. Regina and Barbara, her two daughters, were gone, and she knew well enough that the Indians had carried them away.

Some days after, a party of hunters found Barbara's dead body lying by a stream of water, with her head cleft by a tomahawk. When the mother heard of this she knew that she would never see Barbara again in this life, but for nine long years she heard nothing of Regina, and she mourned for her, and hoped and prayed for her until at last God answered her prayer.

Poor little Regina was taken by the Indians to their camp, and there she was given to an old squaw who was very cruel to her. The squaw was so old and stiff with rheumatism that she could not work, but she was not too stiff to beat poor Regina most brutally. The child was compelled to carry all the wood and water that were needed in their wigwam, to gather roots and berries, trap animals and catch fish. She had a very hard and bitter life, and after awhile, as the old squaw would not allow her to speak anything but the Indian language, she forgot how to speak her own language; but she never forgot her prayers, nor the hymn her mother used to sing with her every evening.

Regina looked like the other little Regina who lives not far from Philadelphia. Her face was so fair and lovely that the Indian children called her Sawquehanna, which means, in their language, 'a white lily.' But after she had lived with the old squaw for some years her hair and skin became dark and coarse, so that no one would have known her for a white girl, except for her large, clear blue eyes that never changed.

During the nine long years that Regina was lost her mother never ceased to search for her. When she heard of a white girl being seen with the Indians, she immediately set out to find her, always feeling sure it was her own dear daughter, and always coming back home disappointed.

The French and Indian war was being carried on at the time, and when finally it closed and the English became masters of the country, the Indians were compelled to give up all their white captives. Many white children had been carried off by them, and these were all taken from them by the English soldiers. Good Colonel Boquet, who had charge of this work, was very careful that not one white child should be left with the savages, and in this way more than one hundred white children, between five and twenty years of age, were taken from the Indians.

At first the children were taken to Pittsburg, or Fort Pitt, as it was then called, and there about fifty of them were found by their parents. The others were taken to Carlisle, and there almost all of them found parents or friends, though a few of them had no one left in the world after the Indians had slaughtered the family and burned the home.

Regina's mother went to Carlisle in hopes of finding her long-lost daughter. Regina was nineteen years old at that time. She was very tall and dark. She had forgotten a great deal. She could not tell her last name nor the names of her parents or brothers and sister. She did not know where she had lived, and though she remembered her own name, 'Regina,' she could not pronounce it so that others un-

derstood it. She remembered her home and her mother, but she had forgotten how her mother looked. She was so changed that her mother did not know her and she did not know her mother.

Mrs. Hartman—that was her mother's name—went about among the captives, looking for her daughter, but there was no one there who could possibly be Regina. The captives were in a large room, and Mrs. Hartman looked at them all and they looked at her. Then she went back to the inn with a heavy heart, for she was sure, now, that Regina was dead. The next morning she was to start early for her home, for the way was rough and slow to travel, and she had to go on horseback. Before she started, however, she decided to take one more look at the captives, who had been brought out onto a green square, between the old court house and the old stone church. Crowds of people from the town, and all round the country, had gathered to see them. Many parents were there looking for their lost children, and every now and then some one would be made happy by finding a lost child. When this happened every one shouted for joy. Twenty or thirty children were that day recognized by their friends.

Mrs. Hartman lingered until noon, watching all this happiness; then, as she was turning away with a heavy heart and sad face, Colonel Boquet came to her and asked her whether she was sure her daughter was not with those still unclaimed. He was so anxious to have the mother find her child that he asked whether there was not some sign or mark by which she might identify her—for he knew that nine years among the Indians would change a child so that even her mother would not know her.

Mrs. Hartman said that there was nothing by which she could identify Regina.

'Was not there some song or hymn you sang to her when a child?' the Colonel asked. 'She might remember the song you sang her to sleep with."

Then Mrs. Hartman remembered that old hymn she and Regina loved so much, and she began to sing, in a clear, loud voice:

Alone, and not alone, am I,
Though in this solitude so drear—

And she had scarcely reached the second line when a tall, straight girl, with blue eyes, uttered a sharp cry, and rushing to Mrs. Hartman, threw her arms around her mother's neck.

It was Regina. The old hymn that she had never forgotten had brought her mother to her. How God blessed that hymn!

When the mother looked at Regina she wondered how this tall, dark girl could be her fair little daughter; but she took her into her arms and wept over her and loved her, and thanked God again and again that he had at last answered her prayers.

Regina went home with her mother, and for awhile everything seemed very new and strange. She had lived so long with the Indians that she had become accustomed to their rude ways, and it was hard to break herself of these habits. It was a long, long time before she could sleep in a bed or sit on a chair; for the Indians have neither beds nor chairs. They sit on the floor, and sleep on the ground upon a heap of dried leaves. Then Regina had not used a fork or a spoon, and even the food her mother used was strange to her.

But she was very anxious to do right, and she soon conquered all her rude habits. In a few months' time she was able to speak her own language, for as she heard her white friends using it constantly it gradually came back to her, and she did not have to learn it all over again as though it were entirely new. She learned to read and write, also, and took great delight in reading the Bible.

Her mother was so worn and broken down by all the troubles that had crowded into her life, that her health began to fail, and Regina took the tenderest and most loving care of her. As long as her mother lived she watched over and cared for her.

Her brother, who was now a man, married and had little ones of his own, and the first girl he named after his sister, Regina.

Thus, through the generations the name Regina has come down from one little girl to another, until it has fallen to the lot of the little bright-haired, blue-eyed Regina, not far away, whose great delight is to hear the true and wonderful story of the great-great-aunt Regina who was carried off by the Indians.

The Mystery About Sam

(By Lucia Chase Bell, in 'Little Folks.')

Sam Dingleby was nine years old, and he had not one brother or sister; and he was always so hungry for company that his mother said he sometimes nearly drove her wild. Sam seemed to have everything to enjoy himself with. He had the loveliest little Shetland pony, and a beautiful big St. Bernard dog, and the prettiest, cleanest little stable built on purpose for them; and he had a cote of costly pigeons, with breasts and heads and necks of soft colors that made you think of rainbows and white clouds and blue June sky. To be sure, he didn't have a bicycle, for nobody had bicycles then. But he had a little printing-press, and he had drums, and a Chinese dragon-kite, and he had a corner in the library full of story books.

I do not know what Sam could have wanted that he did not have, except company—that is to say, all the children he wanted and all the dogs. His mother did not like children as visitors very well, and his Aunt Sarah did not like them at all. His Aunt Sarah lived at his house; and dogs, common dogs, both she and his mother absolutely refused to 'have around.'

The summer he was eight Sam almost lived at the washerwoman's, several blocks away, on a back street. She had eight children. They were good enough children, even Aunt Sarah said, except, of course, in their grammar. Their house was small, and it was always filled with washing steam, and the back yard was always full of clothes drying; but yet there was room for glorious playtimes. So Sam only came home that summer, all through vacation, for his meals and to sleep; and, when he did come, he was brown with dirt from head to foot, his trousers were ragged, his shoes filled with sand, and often his stockings were muddy.

Nobody would dream, Aunt Sarah frequently said, that this boy, so ragged and tousled, could be a Dingleby!

The next summer the washerwoman moved out of the neighborhood; and, when school was out, Sam was very lonely for a while, and openly discontented, and fretted a great deal. But all at once there was a great change. Aunt Sarah and his mother both noticed it. Whenever Sam was asked to do an errand he did it so willingly, he seemed really thankful to be asked. It is true that sometimes he was rather late in returning from his errands, but his mother said the weather was so warm that you could not expect a boy to go any faster.

Sam was at home nearly all the time except when he did errands, but he was not around 'under foot,' as usual, which made it very agreeable. He might be in his pleasant room, or in the library, or taking a ride on his pony for a few blocks, or out petting Milton, his big dog, or busy in the garret with his printing. Nobody ever seemed to think just where he was, only you had a pleasant sense of his never being in the way.

There was another queer thing about Sam that summer. That was his eating. He ate less and less, and soon he began to grow thin. You could see his shoulder-blades through his gingham waists, and they had to keep putting smaller belts to his trousers. His mother one day actually dropped tears on the little slim new belts when she was working the button-holes, to think that Sam was growing up so pale and thin at the same time he was growing such a good, patient, sweet-tempered little boy.

Aunt Sarah said she would simply make him eat. There was no use in a boy being so finicky. So his father put a big, juicy piece of steak on his plate next morning, and said, sternly: 'Sam, now you eat that steak! You've been notional about your meals long enough.'

Sam gazed down at the steak, but did not touch it. He seemed to choke, and then he choked again, and the next minute he sat back in his chair, and cried out: 'I can't, father! I haven't any right to!' Then he got up and left the table.

'Well!' said Aunt Sarah, when she could find breath to speak. 'I must say it's a good thing you have only one child, John Dingleby! I believe the boy has been reading novels and got romantic!'

'Oh, no, he never reads novels,' said Sam's mother, still trembling. 'Why, he's only nine. He likes his little Hawthorne "Wonder Book" better than anything. I know he must be ill!' And she was obliged to leave the table, too, for she could not keep back her tears.

After a while, when breakfast was over, Sam came into the house whistling as if he were the happiest boy in the world. He brought in some wood for Janet, the cook, and he mended the canary's cage; and then he sat down quietly in a sunny corner to draw pictures, for he had taken it into his head to illustrate his 'Wonder Book.'

His mother was sitting near him with her sewing, thinking what a dear, good boy he was, when she heard Janet's voice, very loud, in the kitchen. She went out to see what the matter was, and there Aunt Sarah was, and she was saying to Janet: 'You amaze me! Where is that boy? He'll know what it means, I'll be bound. Dogs—eleven!'

When Janet saw Mrs. Dingleby, she burst forth anew: 'Eleven dogs, ma'am, in the loft of the pony's barn—yes, there is! and the scrubbiest, outlandishest dogs—burnt and scalded and broken-legged and blind—every one of 'em a sick dog, or else crippled, some with bandages and some with slings! And, ma'am, they're all contented like they was in heaven, a-wagging their tails!'

Now Janet has gone up to the stable loft to see if she could find the stamp that

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

Keeping my Word.

IN THREE PARTS.

('Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER I.

It was a bleak afternoon in early January; school-hours were just over at Miss Marshman's, and some of the girls were gathered round the school-room fire, ready to start for home, but delayed by the heavily falling sleet. Of course we were all chattering very eagerly together, glad to be relieved from the stern silence of study.

'How are you getting on with your comforter, Effie?' enquired one of the elder pupils of a sweet, shy-looking little girl at my side. Effie Conington was the youngest in our class, and such an engaging little creature that she was quite the pet of the school.

'I haven't done any more since you saw it, Hester,' was the reply. 'I showed it to Florrie Richardson, and she laughed at it, and said the needles were too big, and the stitches were crooked, and the wool was an ugly, old-fashioned color. Florrie can knit much better than that, she says, and will show me how to do it in a pretty new stitch. She has promised to bring me some lovely coral wool. Isn't it kind of her!'

The words were spoken very simply and trustfully, but several of the girls standing near tittered as Effie spoke, and Hester made no answer. I knew quite well what they meant, and more outspoken and indignant than the rest I burst out scornfully, 'Much coral wool you'll ever get from Florrie Richardson, Effie! Don't you know her better than that? She's always finding fault with other people and making fine promises, but she doesn't keep her word. Go on with your own wool and pins like a wise little girl, and don't listen to Florrie's tales and promises, or have anything to say to her. I hate people who don't keep their word.'

I spoke hotly and thoughtlessly, of course, for I did not for a moment really mean to say that I deliberately 'hated' my schoolfellow because of her failing; but I had always had a great contempt for the fault which I thus so sweepingly condemned, for I had been brought up with the very strictest regard for truth and honor, an advantage which had very likely not fallen to the lot of Florrie Richardson. Little Effie opened her brown eyes wider at my words, and even ventured to defend her friend of whom I had spoken so slightingly.

'Oh, Ruth,' she said, 'don't say so, Florrie is very kind to me. If she doesn't always keep her promises it is only because she forgets.'

'Forgets, indeed,' I retorted. 'Forgets, nonsense. If she says a thing she should remember it, and carry out what she has given her word for, come what may. I'd never say I'd do anything and not stick to it.'

Effie was silent, but one of the other girls suggested that I was putting it too strongly.

'One might promise,' she said, 'to do something very foolish or very wrong, and we ought not then to keep our word, I suppose.'

'Yes, we should,' I returned, stoutly defending my position. 'If we'd promised, it couldn't be wrong to keep it. If we didn't keep our word we should tell a lie, and that must be wrong. A promise is a promise, and it ought to be kept. None of you girls can say I tell you anything I don't mean, out and out!'

With this rather boastful conclusion I turned away from my companions. The wintry storm had ceased, and all the day pupils were preparing to start for home. Of course I felt I had had quite the best of the argument, and as I was nearly the eldest, and generally at the head of my class, besides being somewhat domineering towards the others, no one dared to challenge my opinions any further.

I buttoned Effie's cloak, gave her her books and her knitting, and we set off together; Effie and I always went to and from school in company though we were not sisters, or even neighbors. Mrs. Conington had been an old friend of mother's many years ago. Just lately she had been left a widow in very poor circumstances, and had taken a little house in our village that she might be near to us; mother had warmly welcomed her former friend, and tried in every way to cheer her loneliness and brighten her somewhat heavy burden.

Effie was her only child, a sweet, affectionate, gentle little thing, whom everybody loved, and who was the one bright star of hope and happiness in her mother's darkened life. She was some years younger than I, and very submissive and quiet. It was easy to learn to love her very dearly, and she was far too meek to resent my somewhat patronizing care, or to dispute my authority which I was rather too fond of extending to unnecessary trifles. She looked up to me, too, the little innocent, trustful creature, as if I was a perfect paragon of all the virtues, which was, unfortunately, very wide of the truth.

As we walked briskly home through the deepening twilight Effie began chatting again about the work on which her heart was set.

'Do you really think, Ruth,' she said, 'that I had better go on with my comforter just as it is? I've done a good piece, you know, and I want to get it finished. It's for poor old Cram, the carrier. He's got such a bad cough, and mother thought it would help to keep the wind out when he has to ride such a long, long way on cold nights. But, Florrie,' she added, 'said it was such a dingy-looking thing.'

'If Florrie brings you the wool you shall undo all yours and begin afresh, Effie,' I said, 'but take my word for it, you'll never get any coral wool or anything else from Florrie Richardson. She'll just forget all about it. Her promises are not worth listening to, for she hardly ever keeps her word. I think it's very wicked,' I went on, indignantly, 'very wicked and untruthful to talk like that, and never mean half you say. I'd never go back from anything I'd once said; good or bad, I'd go through with it.'

Effie looked a little grave and doubtful at my last words, but if she had some dim idea that her oracle of wisdom might possibly be saying something very foolish, she made no remark, and a few minutes after we parted at her door.

My prediction was quite correct. Florrie Richardson never gave Effie either the wool, or the promised help with her work. I forbade Effie to speak of the matter to our school-fellows, and probably, as I had expected, the hastily-given promise never again crossed the mind of the kindly but thoughtless little girl. I listened to Effie's words of disappointment with a calm, I-told-you-so air, and encouraged my little friend in her diligent labor of love; in due time the comforter was finished and defied the cutting east wind, as it curled cosily round the old carrier's throat.

One morning we were all specially hard at work over the review of our month's study, a sort of preparatory examination.

Slate and pencil in hand, we were all eagerly busy answering as fully and correctly as we could in the brief time allotted to us, a few test questions. I had set my heart on getting the arithmetic prize in the autumn, and very much of my chance of success would depend on my careful working of the sums now before the class. I gave the closest attention to my task, and as I was quick at figures, arithmetic being one of my favorite studies, I soon finished all the sums to my entire satisfaction. When our exercises were collected and piled up together at the close of the day for examination and correction, I was in high spirits, and felt quite secure of a good report of my work.

Effie gathered up the slates from out class, and I gave mine, among others, into her charge to carry to their place at the head-mistress's desk. She was as warmly interested in my success as I was myself, and I whispered to her as she came to my side, 'I've got on finely, Effie, I'm pretty sure of the top this month, anyway. Take the slates carefully, and mind they don't smear.'

Effie finished the duties of clearing the table, the share of the youngest in the class, carried all the finished exercises to their place, packed up the lesson-books on their shelves and cleaned and laid aside on the lockers all the slates that were done with. Then we started for home in a state of high good humor.

I dearly loved to have my own way; having once set my heart on carrying out a particular project, I was quite ready to 'go through fire and water' to accomplish my purpose. I had made no secret of my determination to secure the coveted prize, and I knew that I had but one serious rival in the class who was likely to oppose me. This was Norah Manton, a girl two years younger than myself, and to whom I had,for some unaccountable reason, taken a great dislike. She was an unusually clever child, and it was probably nothing but envy that lay at the root of my foolish aversion. This girl happened to be a special friend of Effie's;she was near her own age, and sat next her in class. Norah, however, had been a few marks behind me in arithmetic last month, and as I was sure my sums were perfectly worked this time, I felt there was little to fear about the result.

'Norah is coming to fetch me to-morrow to see her sister's beautiful pictures,' said Effie, as we went home. 'She has finished two big ones to go up to London for exhibition, and Norah thought I should like to see them. Isn't it good of her. They have a great house, haven't they, Ruth, and lots of pictures?' Effie enquired innocently, taking for granted that I should be interested in what gave her so much pleasure.

'Yes, I suppose so,' I answered rather shortly. 'The Mantons are only stuck-up people, Effie. Mr. Manton was nothing much in business.'

It was a spiteful, unkind remark, and Effie looked surprised at the words, and a little hurt, as well she might. The fact was I was jealous of anyone else patronizing Effie, and secretly rather put out because Norah did not ask me to her house.

'But don't you think Norah's very good and kind?' said Effie, timidly. 'I don't know anything about her father, but I'm sure Norah isn't a bit stuck up. She helps me

very often, Ruth, when the other girls laugh at me for making mistakes. I think Norah just one of the nicest girls I know.'

Now I understood perfectly well that Effie never thought for one moment of making comparisons between her friends, that in reality she loved me a great deal better than Norah Manton or any other schoolfellow, but I was unreasonably vexed that she should have any regard for one whom I chose to consider as a rival, and I answered, hotly,

'Oh, yes; I daresay this Norah is quite a saint. I'm sure I don't care whether you go to see her or not. If you like her better than me you'd better say so, and have done with it. I've no doubt she's a much more charming friend, and she can take you to her fine house and make a fuss with you.'

They were cruel, thoughtless words, and if I meant them to wound and hurt, they certainly answered their purpose. Effie's eyes filled with tears as she hurried to my side and slipped her arm within mine, carressingly, for I had haughtily quickened my pace as I spoke, as though to leave her behind.

'Oh, Ruth,' she said, 'please don't say so; You aren't really angry, are you? I don't love Norah half as I love you. You're my own dear Ruth always, but I can't help loving some of the girls just a little bit, and you know how I've always longed to see Miss Manton's pictures; but I won't go if you don't like, Ruth, or if you think mother would rather not.'

But I was not so utterly blinded by my own jealousy as to exact this sacrifice, and being a good deal mollified by Effie's loving manner and submissive words, I relented, and made myself somewhat more agreeable during the walk home. I thought no more of my nasty and passionate words, and very soon, I am sure, they were forgiven and forgotten by my little friend; but I lived bitterly to regret them, for they had served to stir up and foster evil passions in my heart, over which I soon found I had no control.

(To be continued.)

The Children at Bed-Time.

Every parent who has been in the habit of reading or talking to the little ones after they are safely tucked in bed will bear witness to the value of this mode of influence. With laying off the clothes, the angers, worries, and discontents of the day subside. With the brief season of prayer they fly still farther into the background. And when the little form rests in the bed they seem to vanish out of sight. The body is at rest. The heart is plastic to the touch of a loving father or mother.

Now is the time to exert a moulding power. At this hour the little ones listen with hushed attention to what is read to them. Hymns, the Scripture, Bible stories, are heard with close attention, until the reader's voice is stilled or the hearers sink into gentle sleep; or conversation may take the place of reading. The will that was in a state of resistance an hour ago is now relaxed. The anger that blinded moral discernment has passed away. With open heart the child utters its confessions and gladly receives the forgiving kiss.

Plans for the morrow can be discussed, and duty can be made to put on an attractive form. Irritations can be looked at quietly, and admonitions to watchfulness may be dropped with soothing efficacy into the listening ear. And then how delightful the embrace with which the young arms clasp your neck ,the intense 'dear mother' with which the 'good-night' is said. Parents, if you have not thus parted from your birdlings at the evening hour, you have something yet to learn of love's delights.—'Leslie's Weekly.'

Pure Reading.

The taste for pure reading cannot be too early cultivated. The careful selection of books for the young and a watchful supervision over their reading matter cannot be too strenuously impressed upon parents and teachers. Books are to the young either a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death; either contaminating or purifying, weakening or strengthening to the mind of the reader.

If the first aim of a public-school system is to make men better workers, the second should be to make them thinkers, and, to accomplish this young minds must be brought into correspondence with the thoughts and works of the great men of the past and of to-day.

Nine-tenths of what they have learned, as arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and geography, will pass away as the cares of life come upon them. But the taste for pure reading, when acquired, will never pass away. It will be of use every day and almost every hour. They will find it a refuge and a solace in the time of adversity, and be happy when others are sad. It will spread from the father to the third and fourth generation.—'The Mother's Magazine.'

The Boy Who Means to be a Man.

Only a little boy, my friends,
But I'll do the best I can;
For by and by, in the coming years,
I mean to be a man.

Not something that wears a coat and hat,
Kid gloves and curling hair,
Whose only ambition seem to be
To dress with the neatest care.

Not something that carries between his lips
A cigar or pipe of clay,
And keeps the article in full blast
A dozen times a day.

Not something that digs and delves so hard,
But is poor as poverty still;
While a goodly part of his hard-earned cash
Goes into the drink-seller's till.

But a man—an honest, whole-souled man—
Brave-hearted, kind, and true:
Who is always found in the foremost ranks
Whenever there's work to do.

Now, boys, be wise. Join hands with me.
There is work enough for us all;
And by and by in the strife we shall fill
The places of those who fall.

And let us resolve to childhood's years
To be faithful in all things, and then
We may each fill an honored station in life,
If we should live to be men.
—'Old Young Folks.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Delaware, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence. I have read quite a few books, 'Black Beauty,' etc. I am thirteen years old. My birthday is on Jan. 11. I live on a small farm. We get a pretty view of the country. I have two brothers and one sister. I go to school every day; I am in the fourth book. We have three cats, two dogs, two pigs, three horses, five cows, and some chickens. E. S. E.

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have a sister and brother. My birthday is on March 30. The Duke and Duchess visited Brantford for twenty minutes. The school children all turned out to welcome them. My friend Gertrude is also writing in the correspondence. EDITH C.

Hemlock City, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am in the second reader. I have two brothers and one sister. I am a twin eight years old. Our birthday is on Jan. 9. We have two miles to go to school. We like our teacher.

ELLIOT AND MINNIE S.

Delaware, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. I have one sister, Ethel, and two brothers, Clifford and Earl. I am ten years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth class. My birthday is on April 29. My brother Earl takes the 'Messenger.' I always read the correspondence. We have three horses, six head of cattle, and two dogs, named Minto and Darkie.

LAURA R. E.

Negley P. O., Penna.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I go to school every day, and am in the third grade. I live on a farm within twenty minutes' walk to school. We have six cows and six horses. I help to milk the cows every morning and evening. I have three sisters and three brothers. G. W. M.

Runnimede, P. Q.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm near the banks of the Restigouche river. This is a small place, with only seven houses. About two miles from here is another settlement named Moorse's Settlement. We live six miles from shops and railway station. I am a little girl twelve years old.

EMILY M.

N. E. Margaree.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the noted Salmon river, and on the farm is a large pond. I have fine times fishing in the summer and skating in the winter. I have one brother and one sister. I have a calf that I harness in the sledge. I did not go to school this winter, but I go to Sunday school. My cousin, who has always lived with us, has taken the 'Messenger' for five years, and could not do without it.

H. C. H. (aged 12).

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, nine years old. I have no sisters or brothers. I have a little kitty about half a year old, and I go to school. I go to Bethel Sunday school, and get the 'Pleasant Hours,' and I enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger.'

ANGUS McI.

Clarkson, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since Christmas. I like to read it very much. I am nine years old, and my brother is twelve years old. I am in the second reader. I am going to try for the third book, and I hope I get through. DELL O.

Big Port, L'Herbert, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger.' I live by a harbor on a small farm. I have eight sisters and three brothers. We have a school six months out of the year, and we have church every three weeks. We are hooking a mat now, and in summer we pick berries, and my father and my brothers go

fishing, and my four oldest sisters are away, and my youngest sister is six years old.
SUSIE E. G. (aged 13).

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359 Princess Ave.,
London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister has been reading me the correspondence in your paper. I am only five years old and have three sisters, and one brother, and they are all older than I am. My brother is sixteen and goes to the High School. I am going to start to school in the spring. I go to Sunday school, and like my teacher very much. We live in the city. I have a dog named Daisy and also a number of pigeons. I wonder if any other boy or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, June 8.
GEORGE McL.

Carlow, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school. I like it very much. We live near Lake Huron, and in the summer we go down and have lots of fun. My brother, who will be seven to-morrow, went to Toronto with papa last fall to see the Duke and Duchess. He could tell us the most about the nice horses and carriages. My birthday is on July 1. My brother Colin, who is only 20 months old, had his leg broken in February, but is getting better, and can walk again. I have two sisters.
CLARABEL G. Y. (aged 8.)

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first year I have taken the 'Messenger.' My sister took it three years, and this year she told me I could get it in my name. I have one grandma and grandpa, and they live right near us. Grandfather has a large farm, and raises lots of apples. My other grandma and grandpa are dead, and they were both born in Scotland. Is any reader's birthday on May 19?
R. CHARLES R.

Camduff, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday school, and like it very much. We are having a lovely winter out here. We all love our minister very much, as he takes so much interest in us children at Sunday school. I go to school, and have four sisters and two of them go with me.
MARION O.

Lucknow, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' two years, and like it very much. I go to school, and I am in the third book. I am ten years old. I have been going to school three years. I got the 'Bagster Bible' for the new subscribers, and thought it very nice. I thank you very much for it.
ISABELLA McD. (aged 10.)

French River, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the village of French River. My papa keeps a store. I go to school every day, and I am in the third book, and I like my teacher very much. My birthday is on May 3, and I am ten years old. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, especially the letters.
K. GLADYS W.

Valley Junction, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I have just subscribed for the 'Messenger,' and like to read it very much, especially the letters. I live on a farm about 12 miles west of the city of Des Moines. I wonder if anybody has a birthday on the same day as mine; it is July 1. I am fourteen years old. I have one brother and no sisters. My brother is older than I. I like to live on a farm better than in town. I have a white bantam, and a horse for pets. I like to gather eggs, ride horse-back and work out of doors. I like to work in the house too. We have a dog and five cats. I live a quarter of a mile from the school-house, and the church is right close to the school-house. I like to go to school. I like to go to church, and Sunday school.
DELLA R.

Lombardy, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and likes it very much. I like to read the letters in the correspondence. I have two sisters and five brothers. I live on a farm beside a lake called Bass Lake. It is very quiet in the summer but not in winter. I like to go rowing in a rowboat. I can row very well. No steamboats go by here, because the lake is not very large. I go to school every day except when it is stormy. I like to go very much. Our school is not very large, there are about fifteen scholars, the majority of them are girls. I learn arithmetic, writing, reading, drawing, spelling, geography and grammar. I like spelling about the best. The games we play at school are blind man's buff, fruit basket, ball, hide and go seek, and some more. My cousin goes with me to school. We have about a mile and a quarter to go. My birthday is on June 28. I will be twelve years old.
LAURA W.

Alma.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we enjoy reading it very much. I am ten years old. I have six brothers and two sisters. My eldest brother has just returned from Colorado, where he has lived for seven years. We are all glad to have him home again. We live on a farm, and have three horses, eight cows, and forty-five hens. I go to school nearly every day, and I am in the third reader.
FRED C. B.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years old, and my birthday is on June 23. I have two sisters and one brother. My father is very sick in the hospital, and my eldest sister is in New York living there. My brother has just come home from Toronto, after being away for two months at Stanley Barracks. I go to school here, and I am in the second book, and I like my teacher very much. I also go to Sunday school, and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it is very nice, especially the correspondence. I have a white cat and a canary, and our other canary is dead.
NELLIE (aged 13).

Manotick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since Christmas. We have often got it in Sunday school. I have not written to your paper before, so I am going to tell you my age and then you won't mind if I don't do so well as the bigger boys. I was seven years old on Jan. 15, and am in the second reader. My teacher gave me my first lesson in division to-day. I have five brothers, four sisters, two sisters-in-law, one little niece, who has just lately got short dresses on, and a little dog, Guess.
SANDY G. C.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm and go to school, and I have six pets, five cats and one dog, his name is Rover. I have one baby brother. We have seven horses and twenty-five cows.
JAMES G. (aged 9).

Morrisburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger.' We have taken it two years. I go to school every day. I am in the second book. I have a brother and sister. We have two cats, their names are Tom and Yoen. They are good cats to catch rats. I am ten years old.
THOMAS C.

Morrisburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Morrisburg, I thought I would write one. I have two pets. My father is a painter. I have two brothers. I am eight years old. My birthday is on July 15.
MYRTLE C.

Thorold, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live at the Beaver Dams (a place noted in Canadian history). It is a very pleasant spot in the summer time. We have had plenty of snow here this winter. We live on a farm some two miles from Thorold. I get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday school, and I like to read it very much. I go to school in the summer. The scholars all like my teacher very much. I have two sisters and two brothers. My grandma died Wednesday last, of creeping paralysis. She was seventy-four years old. My birthday was on March 21.
BERTHA S. (aged 12).

Strathavon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school every day. I am in the third reader. One of my teachers went to South Africa to the war, we were all very sorry to hear of his going away, and I hope he will come back all right. I have no animals for pets, but I have a little brother five years old, his name is Clarence, and we have a dear little baby boy; his own mamma died when he was only five days old, and my mamma is taking care of him for a while. He was ten months old yesterday. We think he is the dearest baby in the world. His name is Russell. My teacher is going to send for the 'Messenger,' and one of my chums is sending for it, too. We have taken it for three years, and would not like to do without it. I got three new subscribers last year, and two this year. My birthday is August 5.
JOHNNIE D. S.

Victoria Cross, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, and this is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I take great pleasure in reading the correspondence. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth reader, and learn geography and grammar. I have four brothers and one sister. Her name is Georgie. Two of my brothers go to school with me. I like to hear about the Duke and Duchess in the correspondence, but they did not come anywhere nearer to us than Halifax, N.S.
EVA BESSIE M. (aged 8).

Kent, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sabbath school, and get the 'Messenger' every Sabbath. I like to read the letters. I am seven years old. I live on a farm, and have a long road to walk to school.
ROY E. R.

Baldur, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Presbyterian Sunday school every Sunday morning. We take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like to read it very much. I go to school every day. My father keeps a livery stable, and we have many nice horses, of which I am very fond. I have a nice pet, it is a dog, named Banger. I am in the third book. I am ten years old.
MILDRED AMY D.

Saskatoon, Sask.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday school, and we like it very much. I live on a farm about a mile from town. My father has got twenty-two head of cattle, eleven horses and a lot of sheep. I have three sisters and two brothers. I go to school and I am in the third book.
JOSIE M. A.

Kolapore, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Northern Messenger' some time ago. I am twelve years old, and I am in the fourth reader. I like school better than I used to, for there are a lot of girls going to school my size. I have five sisters and one brother; two of my sisters are married, one of them has four children, the other one. Three years ago we got a sample copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' and my mother said she thought it was a nice paper, and so I have taken it ever since, and would not be without it.
ZELLA G. S.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you, not seeing any letters from Galt, and hope it will be of some interest to you. I go to Sunday school, and that is where I receive the 'Northern Messenger.' I like reading it, especially the correspondence. I also attend day school. I have a brother and a sister. My brother is four years old and my sister is fifteen months old. My birthday is on July 9. I was eleven years old last birthday. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I hope to write soon again.
RUSSEL.

Middleton.

Dear Editor,—Seeing letters from other little girls in your paper, I thought I would write one too. I go to school, and I am in the third book. I have three pet kittens and one pet dog. My mamma takes the 'Messenger.' I read it and think the stories are lovely. I have four sisters and one brother. We have a lovely piece of ice in our swamp to skate and slide on. I will be nine years old March 26.
INA F.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Contrast.

'What makes you talk so loudly, mother?' said Alfred, impatiently, 'I ain't deef; there's no need o' you hollerin' at me!'

'Well, you don't pay any attention to what I say if you do hear me!' retorted his mother, in the same tone as before.

Alfred went out, shutting the door not very gently behind him. Mrs. Barker went on with her sweeping.

'How rough Alfred is,' she sighed. 'And he getting to be so saucy! I don't know what I shall do with him.'

The door opened, and two rosy girls of eight and ten appeared.

'Here—look out; don't get in my dirt!' she called out sharply, as they ran across the room and began to take off their hats and rubbers. One stopped with one rubber off and looked at her mother soberly for a moment.

'Are you cross?' she asked.

'Why, no,' said the mother, 'but I shall be if you bother me; I've got an awful lot of work to do, an' it's enough to make anybody cross to have folks running over the floor when they're sweeping.'

'Scoldin' seems awful queer when I first get home,' mused Nellie. 'We don't have any scoldin' at school only when some horrid girl gets mad, an' then Miss White makes her so 'shamed. Miss White don't scold; she's always talkin' low and nice.'

'Humph! I should like to see her here talkin' low and nice to you girls and Alfred; I'll bet you don't act so bad at school as you do at home! I hope you don't, anyway, for shame's sake!'

After the children had gone to bed Mrs. Baker did a great deal of thinking. Was she getting ill-mannered herself? Had she lost the sweetness of her young womanhood? What sort of time would there be in Miss White's schoolroom if she herself were the teacher, and if she should take the manners of her everyday life into the schoolroom?

She had seen Miss White once, and she recalled her pleasant face and easy, quiet ways. The children were getting old enough to make comparisons, and see things with eyes of their own. She was aware that in comparison with Miss White she would not appear very refined or womanly. She felt angry and spiteful at first.

'I'm as good as she is, if I don't dress quite so well and have such company manners!' she said to herself.

Then regret and shame crept into her heart, and finally she fell to crying. After she had a good cry she felt better, and she went to bed resolving that her children should not be obliged to give her a second lesson.

A week later, as Nellie was giving her mother the usual good-night kiss, she said, 'I like home better'n school. Miss White loves us all a little, but there's lots of us and it isn't much apiece; but here there's only us and you can love us a great big lot.'

Mrs. Baker's reward had come sooner than she had expected.—'The Word and the Way.'

'Mumps.'

(By Belle Sparr Luckett, in 'S. S. Times.')

There is a very precious child who has a way of wanting things done just as he dictates,—a way not uncommon among older folks, indeed.

This way of his many times works discord among playmates, harm to himself, and general unhappiness. We are never selfish and happy. This child's mother felt that a 'little preach' on the subject was necessary, when the time should be opportune.

When they were alone one day, and his mood was tender, as the mood of a child so often is, she said:

'Do you know how it is grieving me to see my little boy growing selfish day after day? Did you know that you almost always want your way in the games, saying how things shall be, and how they shall not be? It is spoiling your character, and I should not be the right kind of a mother If I did not try to change it.'

A very grieved little face dropped down, and a very sensitive lower lip quivered helplessly. Was there anger and resentment, or self-reproach and regret, in that quivering lip? How we all shrink from the exposure of our weaknesses! How it hurts!

His mother's voice is very gentle now, and she takes two limp little hands in her own, caressing them lovingly:

'You know, dear, if there was something ugly growing on your cheek here that would spoil your face, we should have the doctor remove it, even if it did hurt,—shouldn't we?'

There was a nod, and an interested lifting of the eyes, and a pressing closer to the heart that he knew would not needlessly wound.

'So, now,' she continues, 'when I see something ugly growing on your character, something that is going to spoil it, don't you think we ought to try to remove it, even if it does hurt? When the good doctor cuts away the bad growth or puts medicine on it to take it away, he does not do it to hurt, but to help. Mothers don't tell their children about the wrong things in their characters to hurt their feelings, but to help them to get rid of such ugly things that the beautiful things may have a chance to be seen. So we are going to watch this ugly thing after this, you and I, and we're going to ask the good Doctor to help us remove it,—aren't we?'

A pair of glistening eyes gave assent, and two arms went swiftly around his mother's neck as he said:

'We'll just say "Mumps," when we see it.'

If Done with a Thought of Him.

If ever Jesus has need of me,
  Somewhere in the fields of sin,
I'll go where the darkest places be,
  And let the sunshine in;
I'll be content with the lowliest place
  To earth's remotest rim;
I know I'll see His smiling face,
  If it's done with a thought of Him.

Refrain:—
  I'll trust my Lord, though I cannot see,
    Nor e'er let my faith grow dim;
  He'll bless the work, whate'er it may be,
    If it's done with a thought of Him.

I may not be called to some great thing,
  That would blazon my name on high,
But only to mend a broken wing,
  Till ready again to fly;
Or only to give the cooling drink,
  Or sight, when eyes are dim;
It doesn't matter at all, I think,
  If it's done with a thought of Him.

I'll fill each day with the little things,
  As the pressing moments fly;
The tendril, which the great oak clings,
  Grows as it climbs on high.
I'll trust my Lord, though I cannot see,
  Nor e'er let my faith grow dim;
He'll smile—and that's enough for me—
  If it's done with a thought of Him.
—Mary Adams Jameson in 'Western Christian Advocate.'

A Word to Girls.

One of Murillo's pictures represents a number of angels in a kitchen engaged in performing ordinary household duties. At first thought, we are disposed to be amused, perhaps, having associated ideas of angels with performing on harps in streets of gold. Few of us would dream of looking into a kitchen to find a company of angels engaged in doing culinary work.

Yet, why not? Is there a more blessed or beautiful ministry than that of serving others in the ordinary ways of life? To be happy, one must be useful; and who can gainsay the usefulness of the young maiden who resolves to make wholesome and happy the atmosphere of her home? Baking bread, serving cake and delicious viands, may not be exactly angelic in its daily routine, but I am sure the bright and healthy mind employed in such labor may find in it a peculiar and enduring pleasure.

I wonder if any who read these words will smile at the homely sentiments expressed and deem it unworthy of their attention. Now, I would not be misunderstood for a single instant, my dear young girls. Cultivate your minds, store them with useful knowledge, stir up the gift that is in you and make it count for something in this grand world, which possesses such unlimited possibilities. The parable of the ten talents is too familiar to be brought here to your attention. To waste our opportunities is a sin for which we must answer to God in the great day of reckoning.—American paper.

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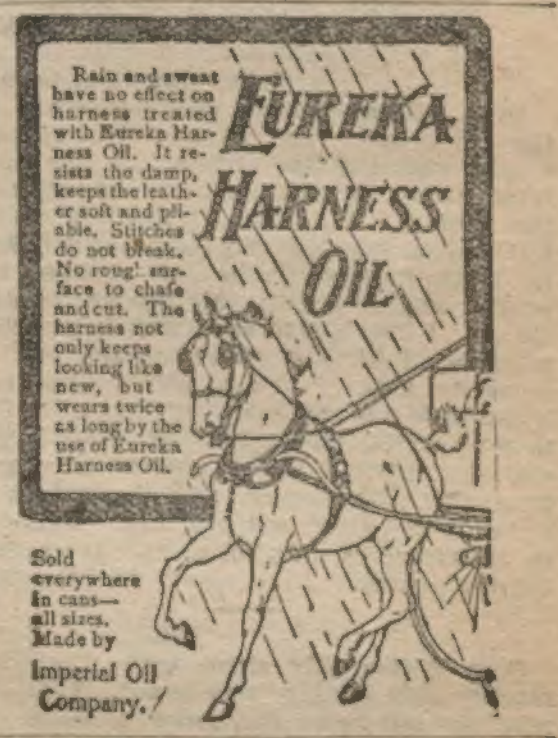
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USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

stamped the elegant floral design on her jelly-glass covers. She remembered having heard Sam tell the washerwoman's boy once that the stamp-machine looked like a mad little 'water-dog,' and would be good to have in an animal show; and, as she could not find it in the closet, she thought Sam might have borrowed it. She went to look, and there it was, on a beam of the loft, as wicked-looking as ever. But she had forgotten to bring it down, after all, with the surprise of the sight that burst on her—all those dogs, all gazing at her and wagging their tails.

'You just go out and see for yourself, you, ma'am, and you, ma'am!' She burst out again, turning first to Mrs. Dingleby, and then to Aunt Sarah, when in rushed Sam from the dining-room, where he must have been standing.

A great rush of entreaty and eloquence poured from his trembling lips. 'They're mine—I'm curing them! O mamma, please don't take them away! I'm going to get homes for them—good homes! Just give me time, mamma! I never meant to keep them, mamma, truly—only until I had cured them! They're poor dogs that I've found everywhere, and heard of and gone after them; and they haven't got a friend in the whole world but me! I had to take out meat and things to them, mamma; but I did without myself! I never meant to take out more'n my share of things. And they're growing jolly fellows—they're getting 'long fine! Mamma, say you won't make me turn off my dogs just yet—say it, mamma!'

For a moment Sam's mother stood silent. The mystery was cleared up about Sam. He was not going to die. Then she put her arms around her boy and drew him close, and she laughed and she kissed him. 'You shall keep the very last dog until he is cured,' she said, bending down and looking straight into his scared eyes. 'They shall have all the nice good meat they need, and so shall you. If you'd just take mother into partnership, Sam, how lovely it would be.'

And Sam cried, joyfully: 'Oh, I will, mamma, I will!'

A Rainy Day.

This is the way
That a rainy day
Was spent by some children wise:
They did not complain
At the dreary rain,
As it fell from the cloudy skies;
But they ran, all three, to the barn, you see,
With merriest shouts and cries.

That rainy day—
Why, it passed away
So quickly I cannot tell.
And I know not one
When that day was done,
Had found fault with the rain that fell;
And the happy three came running to me
For the 'story' they loved so well.

What is your way
For a rainy day?
Do you stand by the window pane
And there look out,
And pout, and pout,
At the quickly pattering rain?
Or do you say, 'It's God's rainy day,
And I must not complain?'

—Little Pilgrim.

Your Own Paper Free.

Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Aunt Sarah's Solution.

(By Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'Wellspring.')

Virginia Conant lovingly threw a shawl over her aunt who lay sleeping on the sofa, and quietly opened the door.

'Just a whiff of mellow October out-of-doors,' she said to herself, drinking in, the while, a draught of the rich, fruit-laden air. 'My! it's worth while just to live these days—even as I do, for self,' she added reluctantly, with a tinge of discouragement in her voice.

Her aunt slightly stirred.

'I'm afraid I came near waking her,' Virginia whispered. 'Poor dear! she' had a hard day of it—even worse than yesterday. I'd like to know, just out of curiosity, how many callers she's had since she sprained her ankle. When one is sick one finds out who one's friends are. I'm afraid if I should be in her place no one would even think of me, much less write love notes and send dainty little delicacies to tempt my appetite. I wonder what's the reason—what's the difference between Aunt Sarah and me!'

Virginia sat in deep meditation, and for some minutes after her aunt had awakened did not notice the loving eyes resting on her, full of tender curiosity.

'A penny for your thoughts, dear!'

Virginia started.

'Cheap at half the price, auntie! The fact is, I'm engaged in solving a problem, and—and I can't find the unknown quantity.'

'I'm afraid you haven't eliminated and combined correctly,' smiled Aunt Sarah, cheerily. 'State your problem, and let's see what's the difficulty.'

'Well, auntie, a certain girl has an aunt. The aunt has a great many friends and is beloved by everybody. Her griefs are their griefs, and her sorrows theirs. The girl is just as much a piece of her aunt's as blood relationship can make her, and yet she hasn't one-tenth the friends and doesn't do an iota of the good her aunt accomplishes. Solve so as to find the reason.'

Aunt Sarah reached out her hand.

'Let us see, dear, how many really true friends you have. There's Mildred Holmes, the daughter of the rich manufacturer, and'—

'Edith Walton, who lives over on Chestnut Hill,' interrupted Virginia.

'But that's not all?' as Virginia hesitated.

'Every one, auntie; hardly enough to bear witness.'

'I've noticed all along,' resumed Aunt Sarah, gently, 'that my little companion has somehow cared to make friends only with the wealthy; and that is the secret of her few friends and the reason she has been unable to do no more for the Master. Had I on my list of friends only women whose wealth equals my own, see how much of sweetness and comfort I should have lost while lying here. The only ones to call would have been Judge Bennett's wife and Mrs. Merrick. Our truest friends, in most cases, are those we have ourselves befriended and helped, and we can find such everywhere.'

Aunt Sarah tenderly drew Virginia toward her.

'Can't we now write after the problem, "Which was to be demonstrated"?'

'I—I think we can, auntie,' replied Virginia, slowly. 'And I'm going to begin to-day—now, to do differently, so when I sprain my ankle I shall not have to lie here and receive but two fashionable calls I heard Norah say this morning as I came through the kitchen that she wished some one would show her how to make over her three-years-old dress. I'm a pretty good dressmaker,' and Virginia left the room with a new purpose in living.

'A problem has been solved to-day,' said Aunt Sarah, gladly, to herself, 'which I feared might be the work of years.'

Dolly and the Parachute.

'The dolls are sick,' said Doctor John,
'They need the greatest care;
The best thing they could have would be
A ride right through the air.'

We looked at him in great alarm—
'Dear Sir,' we quickly said,
'We always thought when dolls were sick
They ought to be in bed!'

But Doctor John would have his way,
And all the dolls, poor things,
Had each in turn to float in air
Like birds on bright, strong wings.

So in a parachute they rode,
And really I must say,
That on the whole their startling ride
Did good in every way!

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue April 5, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Cecil Rhodes as a Type—New York 'Evening Post.'
[illegible]
Mrs. Fawcett on the Concentration Camps—Manchester 'Guardian.'
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Sir R. Giffen on National Finance—'Daily News,' London.
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LESSON IV.—APRIL 27, 1902.

Gentiles Received Into the Church.

Acts xi., 1-18. Commit vs. 7-9. Read chap. x.

Golden Text.

'Whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins.' Acts x., 43.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 21.—Acts xi., 1-18.
Tuesday, April 22.—Eph. ii., 11-22.
Wednesday, April 23.—Rom. ix., 22-30.
Thursday, April 24.—Rom. iii., 20-31.
Friday, April 25.—Rom. xv., 7-19.
Saturday, April 26.—John x., 7-16.
Sunday, April 27.—Rev. vii., 9-17.

Lesson Text.

(4) But Peter rehearsed the matter from the beginning, and expounded it by order unto them, saying, (5) I was in the city of Joppa praying; and in a trance I saw a vision, A certain vessel descend, as it had been a great sheet, let down from heaven by four corners; and it came even to me; (6) Upon the which when I had fastened mine eyes, I considered, and saw four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. (7) And I heard a voice saying unto me, Arise, Peter; slay and eat. (8) But I said, Not so, Lord; for nothing common or unclean hath at any time entered into my mouth. (9) But the voice answered me again from heaven, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common. (10) And this was done three times; and all were drawn up again into heaven. (11) And, behold, immediately there were three men already come unto the house where I was, sent from Cesarea unto me, (12) And the Spirit bade me go with them, nothing doubting. Moreover these six brethren accompanied me, and we entered into the man's house; (13) And he shewed us how he had seen an angel in his house, which stood and said unto him, Send men to Joppa, and call for Simon, whose surname is Peter; (14) Who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved. (15) And as I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning.

Suggestions.

Peter knew that what he had done in baptizing Gentiles would seem very strange to the Christians at Jerusalem, who, being of Jewish birth and training themselves, did not think that anyone could be a Christian at all without first becoming a Jew. They had already admitted to the Christian church 'proselytes,' that is, men of other nations who took upon themselves the obligations of the Jewish law by being circumcized. They even made one of them, Nicolas, a deacon. (Acts vi., 5.) But Peter had received as brethren men who were mere Gentiles, and he knew that this innovation would seem dreadful to most of his friends in the home church. So when he went back to Jerusalem he wisely brought with him six members of the church at Joppa who had been present when he preached to Cornelius. When he rose to speak he recounted first his vision of the sheet or sail containing animals of all kinds which he was bidden not to despise as unclean. This was a clear warning that he must not draw back from work for the Gentiles on account of the ceremonial difference of their foods. Their distinctions about food were the great barrier between the Jews and all other nations. Much the same thing is found in India to this day. Strict Hindoos of one caste will not eat food cooked by one of another caste. So when the vision was providentially followed by a call to preach to foreigners, Peter, 'nothing doubting,' had gone to Cesarea. 'Moreover, these six brethren accompanied me,' said Peter, for he knew that however clear a man's own call from God may be, and however plainly he sees the results of his work, he ought not to demand that other Christians accept his single statement in a matter that concerns the whole congregation. These six others were witnesses that the Holy Spirit had come upon Cornelius and his friends as soon as they believed the gospel. Peter explained to the church the new insight which he had received when he saw this unexpected sight, verses 16, 17. He remembered how Christ had said that his kingdom was a spiritual kingdom, and the essential sign of it was not baptism with water,but the Holy Spirit in the heart. So he perceived, perhaps with a shock of surprise, as well as joy, that Cornelius was a Christian already, and that he, Peter, must not refuse to admit him by baptism to the fellowship of the church.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 27.—Topic—Samuel's call. I. Sam. iii., 1-21. (Union meeting with the Juniors.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

SAMUEL'S CALL.

Mon, April 21.—A child taught. Ps. xxxiv., 11.

Tues., April 22.—A child's purity. Ps. cxix., 9.

Wed., April 23.—A child's peace. Prov. iii., 1, 2.

Thu., April 24.—A child's lowliness. Matt. xviii., 4.

Fri., April 25.—A child's duty. Prov. vi., 20-22.

Sat., April 26.—A child's kingdom. Matt. xix., 14.

Sun., April 27.—Topic—Samuel's call. I. Sam., iii., 1-21. (Union meeting with the older society.)

After Eleven Years.

Perhaps we all have known at times a strong impulse towards some action to which we are unaccustomed, a feeling that a certain course is laid upon us, and we are required to obey. Such a feeling came upon a gentleman who had lately become a Christian, while riding with another passenger in a railway carriage. He felt he must address his companion on the subject of religion; and he gazed at him so earnestly, that at last the other looked up inquiringly, and then the words were spoken, 'Sir, are you joined to Christ?'

The gentleman addressed looked surprised and indignant. A few earnest words followed, but the speaker had soon to leave, and, as he passed out, he drew forth a penny and offered it to his companion. It was refused, but afterwards accepted on his urging the offering. 'To me,' he said, 'your salvation, my friend, seems as simple an act; Christ offers you eternal life, but you have the option of refusing or taking it. Which will you do?'

He left the carriage, and he forgot the incident. Eleven years later he was greeted in the street by a stranger, who drew from his pocket a penny. 'I have kept your penny,' he said; 'and now I have met you again I want to tell you that penny preached me a sermon which has brought me out of darkness into light.'—'Christian Budget.'

The Power of Prayer.

A clergyman give the following testimony. In his church they had a prayer meeting, to which a poor woman brought a written request for prayer for the conversion of a brother. By some means the request was overlooked. Some time afterwards this circumstance became known, and the praying people were much exercised on behalf of the woman. It was mentioned in meeting, and all hearts were united in prayer. The man prayed for was at work in a field 250 miles away. There, at that hour, he was brought under conviction, and subsequently became a humble, devoted Christian.—'The Revival.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Cheap Whiskey.

DEATH & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN SPIRITS.

Take this opportunity of informing their friends, and a discerning public(that they continue the trade of making drunkards, beggars and maniacs, on the most reasonable terms and on the shortest notice.

The advertisers beg to return their most sincere thanks to their numerous steady and attached customers, and to all the tippling part of the community, for the increasing countenance, and extensive patronage, which they now receive, and they hope that the many proofs which are to be found in every city, town, village and district in Canada of the success of Death & Co. in the above line of business will secure them the increasing support of the drunkards, dram-drinkers and occasional customers as well as forever silence the advocates of Prohibition and all temperance societies, those bitter enemies of this long-established and popular trade.

Death & Co. beg to assure the public that the article in which they deal is the best and most pleasant poison in the world. It slowly eats out the stomach of the drinker, and if persevered in for the time which Death & Co. prescribe will surely end their life.

In order to do business in a respectable style, the advertisers have obtained a license from the magistrates, under whose benevolent auspices they have increased facilities for bringing the wives and families of drunkards to misery, and to wound, maim, beggar, and drive to delirium and death as many as continue to patronize them.

And in particular Death & Co. will spare no pains to secure the eternal damnation of those who favor them with their countenance and support.

To accomplish these ends it is only necessary to take half a glass occasionally to create an appetite, and when once this whiskey appetite is formed the person is then prepared to have temporal and eternal misery, for the sake of 'another glass.'

For the accommodation of their customers Death & Co. have appointed active agents stationed in public houses throughout the country.

These houses may be known by the patent mark above the door, 'Licensed to sell wines and spirituous liquors,' and are open for business every day, Sundays not excepted.

Satisfactory reference can be given to the jails, lunatic asylums, the drunkard's fire side and the gallows.

Tipplers and drunkards are cautioned not to take heed to warning given by parsons and the symbolism and ethical lessons of avowed enemies to this legalized soul-and-body destroying business.

Issued from our office in the Valley of Death by Death & Co.

[L. Sterling, of Maxwell, Ont., kindly copied the above from an old 'People's Almanac,' thinking 'Messenger' readers might like to see it.]

Compartments for Drunkards

The State Railway Administration of Sweden are proposing the adoption of a novel remedy to deal with the drinking problem. In future each of the suburban trains will be provided with at least one compartment for the special accommodation of drunkards. The compartments will be suitably labelled, and there will be no necessity for the sober citizen to travel with a drunkard.

'Within this glass destruction rides,
And in its depths does ruin swim;
Around its foam perdition glides,
And death is dancing on the brim!'
—Dr. Cuyler.

LITTLE FOLKS

An Igorrote Home.

(B. C. G., in 'Faithful Witness.')

What a strange place to call home! some of our young friends will say, but yet it is that to one of the tribes of the Philippine Islands, called Igorrotes. They are a small people very black, with crisp, kinky hair, that they never comb or brush. They wear but little clothing, and their bodies are tatooed from head to foot with frogs, lizards, snakes, leaves, flowers and fruit. These strange little people

build their houses up so high so as to escape the wild animals that abound, and also to have better air than is to be found in the dense forests on the ground. How many different kinds of houses people live in; some dug out in the ground or cut out of the rock; others built of earth, and called adobes; of massive stones, as if to last forever. But whether they are frail or strong, mere huts or fine mansions, they are all 'home' to those who live in them. But what makes the real meaning of that dear word is that it is a place where those who live in it love and serve each other. Let us hope that with all their strange ways and in their strange bird-nest houses, the Igorrotes enjoy their homes thus.

Making Others Pleasant.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

'Here's the paper, sir,' said he to his father with such a cheery tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, 'Ah, Jack, thank you,' quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

'Top of the morning to you, Pollywog,' he said to his little sister, and, delivering the rolls to Bridget, with a 'Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?'

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

'He is always so,' said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterwards, 'just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that.'

And I thought, Why isn't a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest or truthful, or industrious or generous? And yet,, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish, too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity.

But the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and such people will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good-natured and contented as they are.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Faithful Coalie.

(By Charlette Archer Raney, in 'United Presbyterian.')

Baby Eben was lost! For two hours the whole family had been rushing wildly about the farm in frantic search of the missing darling, and no trace could they find of the dear, only son.

He had slipped down from his

high chair at the noon meal and in the bustle and hurry of the Saturday's work no one had remembered to look after him. The officiating ministers would, as usual, stop with the Archer family during the next week's services at the church, and the 'prophet's chamber' must be put in sweet readiness for their occupancy; the unleavened communion bread must be baked for tomorrow's 'sacrament,' and all hands, being busy, it is not especially strange that two-year-old Eben should find a fitting opportunity to strike out for himself--closely followed, of course, by his faithful dog, 'Coalie.'

Convinced at last that the child was no place on the farm, the father mounted his horse and galloped off to arouse the neighbors and crave their aid in the search. Men, women and children promptly joined the band and spread out over the country in all directions to look for the lost boy.

Each division of the band carried a long, old-fashioned, tin dinner horn—for all this happened almost fifty years ago—and the division which found the child was to blow a long blast on their horn to apprise the others of his rescue.

The mother and oldest daughter stopped at home to prepare lunch and hot coffee for the men when they should come back worn out with their search. The mother seemed almost helpless from consuming anxiety, and listened painfully and prayed earnestly for the sweet notes of the signal horn. And so the long hours of the afternoon wore slowly along to these two sore-hearted, waiting women. How long the hours seemed, only those who have passed a like experience can know.

The clock struck six. 'Oh, Sarah!' wailed the poor mother. 'It's six o'clock and my baby must be so hungry! Oh my darling! my darling!'

Then she cried out excitedly, 'Sarah, Coalie's gone! I've not seen him since we missed Eben! Wherever Coalie is, there my precious boy is!'

She rushed out into the yard, lifted up her voice, and called, in full, clear tones, 'Coalie! Here Coalie! Here! Here!'

Coalie answered with a long-drawn howl, quavering with excitement and eagerness. The mother

To Miss Daffodil.
Dilly-down-dilly has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.
Mother Goose
WILL they laugh at your old-fashioned gown,
Daffodil—
At your simple and quaint little gown,
As you enter the streets of the town—
Pass you by with a sneer or a frown,
Daffodil?
Will they laugh with the lily's wan grace
Daffodil—
Lean and look with the lily's proud grace
At your sunny and innocent face?
Will they flaunt their rich robes, out of place—
Flame of tulip, and rose's red sheen—
As you walk in your yellow and green,
Daffodil?
Nay, tell them old fashions are best,
Daffodil!
Old friends are the dearest and best:
And the flower we would wear at our breast
Is the one longer loved than the rest,
Daffodil!
Did them know the new tale that is told,
Daffodil,
By the jubilant earth that is told,
And by you in your green and your gold,
Is the tale of a fashion as old
As the world with its cyclical swing—
The lovely old fashion of spring,
Daffodil!
MARGARET JOHNSON.

flew to the joyful sound rushing through the ripened oats in the field east of the house; on on and on; Coalie barking in sharp, glad cries, until she had reached the very heart of the ten-acre field!

And there the mother found her baby, just awake from a sound, sweet sleep, nestled up against his faithful Coalie, and very much surprised to find himself snatched up and frantically kissed amid a rain of tears and incoherent prayers of thanksgiving.

Sarah, following in her mother's wake, turned and flew back to the house, not waiting even to kiss the angel of the household; and, climbing the horseblock by the front gate, pealed forth one joyous strain after another on the evening air. Oh! what music there was in the glad notes!

Far and near the anxious searchers heard the glad refrain and came to hear the joyful story of the rescue.

Eben clung to his happy father's neck and hid his face there to escape the kisses and petting his timid nature so dreaded; but Coalie, dear, faithful dog, answered every caress and every admiring word of praise with a short, happy bark and shining eyes. He had done a noble deed, and he knew it. He had been faithful and true to his dear little master, and he had as much right to rejoice as any one in the crowd—so he felt—and so felt they all.

When the thankful mother and happy sisters pressed pie, cake and hot coffee on the returned searchers, you may rest assured that the very first to be served was the family's benefactor.

Coalie was too happy and too excited to eat much, and kept as close as possible to Eben all the while.

When the people had finally all gone away, the Archer family gathered in the big sitting-room for family worship, and, unrebuked among the worshippers, was Coalie, nestling close up against the mother's knee as she held little Eben.,

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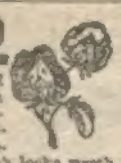
All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'North-

FREE GOLD CASED



Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 463 Toronto**

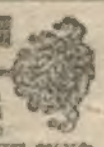
FREE FREE BICYCLE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle. We are **giving them away absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each, only 4 doz. stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins, set with brilliant sparkling imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. They look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes. Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength, beauty and cheapness.** They have seamless steel tubes enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, new shape handle bars and genuine ball bearings throughout. **Every Bicycle we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is the chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write at once and we will send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will tell your friends how you got it. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 460 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE Wonderful Walking Doll

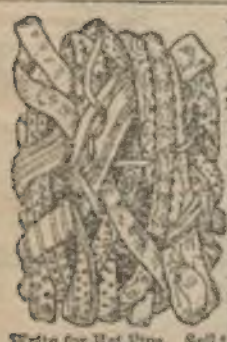
Beautifully dressed in satin, cut in the latest style, and nicely trimmed with lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Given for selling only 20 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money and we will send this beautiful doll, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 462 TORONTO.**

FREE 14K. GOLD-PLATED WATCH



elegantly engraved, stem wind and set, open face with fancy embossed bezel, genuine high grade American movement, lever escapement, **fully guaranteed.** Given for selling at 15c. each only 20 stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins set with glittering imitation Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, etc. They are worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send this handsome Watch, postpaid. **Jewelry Co., Box 463 Toronto.**

FREE SILK RIBBONS



All from one to three yards in length, finest quality, in a variety of the most fashionable colors and different widths, consisting of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottomans, and various other plain and fancy styles, suitable for Neckwear, Trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. Given for selling, at 15c. each, only 8 stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. They look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will send you a large box of beautiful Ribbons, of colors and widths, postpaid. **Jewelry Co., Box 466 Toronto**

MAGIC LANTERN

with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 12 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. gold-topped ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. **They are easy to sell.** Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **GOLDALOID CO., BOX 462 TORONTO.**

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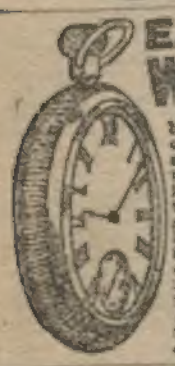
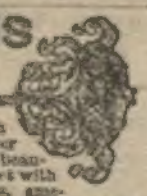




by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamental edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co.,** Box 463, **Toronto.**

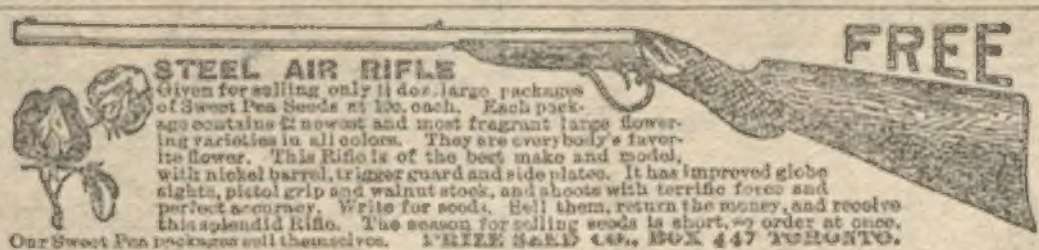
FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, enamelled case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we will send you this magnificent Accordeon. The Prize Seed Co., Box 459 Toronto.

FREE 44 PIECE CHINA TEA SET

12 CUPS, 12 SAUCERS, 12 TEA PLATES, 2 CAKE PLATES, 1 TEA POT AND COVER, 1 SUGAR BOWL AND COVER, 1 CREAMER AND 1 SLOP BOWL. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or lavender red. A REGULAR $3.50 SET. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable gold finished Hat Pins, elegantly designed and set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, Sapphires, etc. These pins sell regularly in the big Toronto stores at 25c. At our price, 15c. THEY GO LIKE WILD-FIRE. Write and we send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this MAGNIFICENT 44 PIECE TEA SET, carefully packed. Write to-day. THE AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 456 TORONTO.

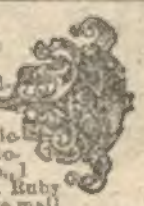
The Prize Seed Co., one of the largest and wealthiest concerns in Toronto, is giving free all the above Premiums and over a **hundred** others shown in their Premium List, to all bright boys and girls and ladies for an hour's easy work. Their plan, which is very simple and straightforward, is to have you sell 1 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 different kinds of Sweet Pea Seeds, which if bought separately would cost $2.00. They are all fragrant, large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. **The greatest and easiest selling package on earth. Many agents sell all in a few minutes. NO MONEY IS REQUIRED.** Simply send your name and address at once and you will receive the six dozen packages of Seeds, also their elegant Illustrated Premium List. Sell the Seeds, return the money ($1.20) to the Company, and they will send you any premium in their list given for selling $1.20 worth. **Prize Seed Co.,** Box 461, Toronto



FREE STEEL AIR RIFLE

Given for selling only 11 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 447 TORONTO**

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

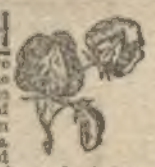


Given for selling at only 15c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427, TORONTO**

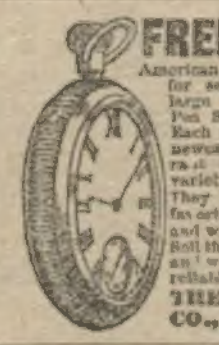
FREE

2 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at **15c.** each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 462, Toronto.

FREE WATCH



Boys! We give this handsome and reliable nickel plated American Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return $2.40, and receive this Watch, with Chain and Charm. Prize Seed Co., Box 458 Toronto.



FREE

We give this handsome polished nickel Watch American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your handsome reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 461 TORONTO.**

FREE

2 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.05 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 462 Toronto**

SILK

We have purchased the entire output of pieces from the Leading Silk Houses of Canada, and are mailing them in packages each containing a choice assortment of finest silk, in newest patterns and brilliant colors, enough to cover over 500 square inches. Nothing like them for fancy work. Mailed for 15 cents silver, 2 for 25 cents. Johnston & Co., Box 461 Toronto.

FREE LADY'S WATCH

with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold bands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 3 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. **The ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 467, Toronto.**

Earn This Watch

by selling at 10c. each, only 2 dozen Collar Buttons with rolled gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. They are something everybody needs and therefore very easy to sell. This Watch is neat in appearance, with silver nickel ornamented case, hour, minute and seconds hands, and fitted with a reliable and durable movement that with care will last 10 years. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Watch, postpaid. Be sure to write to-day. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 463, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Combination Shirt Bosom

Will fit any shirt, saves laundry bills. 1 new shirt every day in the week. We send them in assorted stylish patterns—pink, red, blue dots, stripes, full dress, etc. Every young man should have one. Get one and dazzle your friends. A big seller for Agents. Price 15 cents, postpaid, with our free Catalogue. **Novelty Co., Box 461 Toronto**

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10c. each. Each package contains 42 fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for seeds, sell them, return same, and receive this beautiful knife postpaid. **FREE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 448 TORONTO, ONT.**

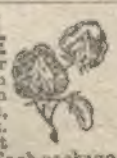
McGinty Watch and Chain

A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and bar, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 15c. postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 461, Toronto.

FREE
LADY'S WATCH

with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem-wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like these.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. Prize Seed Co., Box 401 Toronto.

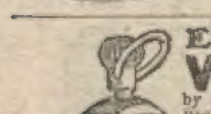
FREE STEAM ENGINE

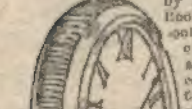


With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return 60c. and we send this real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 445 TORONTO**

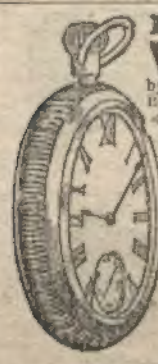
COSTLY RINGS FREE

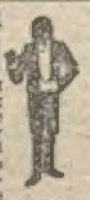
Elegantly engraved 14k. Gold-filled Keeper Rings, beautiful 14k. Gold-filled Gem Rings set with brilliant sparkling imitation Diamonds, Rubies, Opals, Pearls, etc. **Your choice** for selling at 15c. only 8 stylish Gold topped Hat Pins set with superb Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. They look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return $1.20 and we send your exquisite Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., TORONTO**





EARN THIS WATCH





by selling only 2 doz. Song Books at 10c. each. These big books measure 8 x 11 inches, are clearly printed on good paper and bound in attractive colored covers. Each book contains 20 Songs, comic, coon, sentimental and pathetic, all the latest out, well worth 50c. **At 10c. everybody buys them. They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Song Books. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. Enterprise Co., Box 403 Toronto

FREE OPALS AND RUBIES

Elegantly engraved Gold-laid ring, set with 3 large, beautiful imitation **Opals,** showing all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, and 4 exquisitely cut fiery, flashing **Rubies.** A magnificent piece of jewelry. Looks well worth $50.00. Given for selling, at 10c. each, only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea seeds, each package containing 42 of the largest, flowering and most fragrant varieties. They sell like hot cakes. Write for seeds, sell them, return $1.20, and we mail this superb Ring in a velvet box. **Prize Seed Co.,** Box **449 Toronto.**

FREE
GOLD WATCH

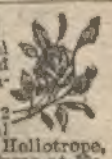
Lady's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable jewelled movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 43 Toronto, Ont**

The greatest wonder of 20th Century. By looking through this little instrument you apparently see the bones in your hand, the lead in a pencil, the hole in a pipe stem, etc., etc. Price 10c. each, or 3 for 25c., postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO, ONT.**

MAGIC LANTERN

with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. Given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 419 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

FREE



Handsome Silver nickel Watch, with ornamented edge and reliable American movement, given for selling only 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $2.40, and we send your Watch, postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 437 TORONTO.**

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon. Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large, powerful Achromatic Telescope

Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by the largest manufacturer in Europe, measures nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass dust caps. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Read what Customers say:—HICKERTON, ONT., Nov. 4th, 1901. "I received the 99c. Telescope all right. It is a dandy. I would not take three times what I paid for it, if I could not get another one like it." ALVA FINCOM. MONCTON, N.B., Jan. 29th, 1902. "I am very much pleased with the Telescope." DANIEL H. MATTHEWS. CHILLIWACH, B.C., March 3rd, 1902. "It brings objects miles away very near to me." BEATTIE GIBSON. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Special Introductory Price, only 99c. postpaid.** A grand bargain. Don't miss it. The Mail Order Supply Co., 401 Toronto.

CHOICE SILK REMNANTS 600 INCHES 15c

Delighted customers by hundreds testify to their marvellous cheapness. All of **our pieces come from silk tie factories,** where, as you know, only the best silks are used. These silks cost from **$2.00 to $5.00 a yard. They are all of good size for fancy work,** and are of **priceless value** for making Crazy Quilts, Drapes, Sofa Pillows, Tidies, Pincushions, etc. The variety of colors and designs is almost endless. They are of **every conceivable pattern;** plaids, polka dots, stripes, checks, etc., etc., **all of the handsomest and brightest colors.** Of the many dozens contained in each package **no two pieces are alike.** Having purchased the entire output of Remnants from all the Canadian tie factories, we are at present offering the Lady readers of this paper **the greatest bargain in choice rich silk remnants ever heard of. WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. Each package contains over 600 square inches.** Price, postpaid, 1 package, 15c.; 2—25c.; 3—35c.; 5—50c. Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto.

SHOT GUN FREE

For selling at 15c. each, only 20 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **Everybody buys them.** This gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $6.00 for this gun. You can get one absolutely free. Send for Hat Pins to-day. Sell them, return $3.00, and we will send you this splendid Gun. **Jewelry Co.,** Box **485** Toronto

FREE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT

Sample Picture.

One Camera with good lens and shutter for both time and instantaneous exposures. 1 box 2x3 dry plates, 1 pkg. hypo, 1 printing frame, 2 developing trays, 1 pkg. developer, 1 pkg. ruby paper, 1 pkg. silver paper, and full directions, all given absolutely free for selling only 16 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 most fragrant largest flowering varieties, all colors. **They go like wildfire.** GALESBURG, March 17th, 1902. DEAR SIRS: "I sold 54 packages in 3 hours. People were real glad to buy them."—HENRY BEDFORD. Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money and we send Camera and complete outfit ready to work on photographs. Don't miss this chance. Write to-day. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 464 TORONTO.**

RIBBON BARGAINS

Having recently secured an immense stock of Ribbons from a manufacturer in London, England, we are now offering the lady readers of this paper **astonishing bargains** in choice rich Remnants, at from **one to three yards long** and up to **3 inches wide,** finest quality, Crown edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot edge, Satin edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottomans, and various other plain and fancy styles in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths suitable for Bonnet Strings, neckwear, trimmings for Hats and dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc., all first class. **Their cheapness will astonish you. We guarantee satisfaction. Mrs. Walter Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "Your box of ribbons received, and I must say I am well pleased with them. I consider them the cheapest bargain I ever got." **Don't miss this chance.** Carefully packed in boxes and sent postpaid, 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 50c. **Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto.**

FREE BICYCLE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle. We are giving them away absolutely free for selling at 10c. each, only 4 doz. beautiful full length Hat Pins with exquisitely designed Gold-finished Tops set with large brilliant imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They look well worth 50c. and **go like wildfire** at our special price of 15c. **Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength, beauty and cheapness. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal at less than $20.00.** They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, new shape handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. **Every Bicycle we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is the chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write at once and we will send out Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will tell your friends how you got it. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., BOX 490 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set

12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. **A Regular $5.00 Set. Given absolutely free** for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 large flowering fragrant varieties in all colors. **Many agents sell all in a few minutes.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return the money and we ship this **magnificent 44-Piece Tea Set,** carefully packed. Write to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 456 TORONTO, ONT.**

BOYS! PLAY BALL

FREE SPALDING OUTFIT,

genuine Spalding Ball, Spalding Ash Bat, Spalding Catcher's Mask, Spalding Baseball Cap and Spalding Catcher's Glove all **five given free** for selling at 10c. each, only 3½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, each containing 42 largest flowering, most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **The easiest selling package on earth.** GALESBURG, March 11th. DEAR SIRS: "The people were real glad to buy the seeds. I sold 54 packages in 3 hours."—HENRY BEDFORD. Write for Seeds to-day. Sell them, return the money and we send this **Genuine Spalding Baseball Outfit. THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 591 TORONTO**

FREE SILK RIBBONS,

All from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, consisting of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles, suitable for Neckwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. Given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send you a large box of beautiful Ribbons, all colors and widths, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 446 TORONTO**

FREE WATCH

Silver, nickel case, fancy edge and genuine American movement, fully guaranteed, given for selling at 15c. only 16 stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins, set with Rubies, Emeralds, sapphires, etc. **They look** dandy and later the ones worth 50c. and wherever it is. It is true that you **sell like** hot cakes, thank you many times, for the turn the money and we send this handsome watch. **Jewelry Co., Box 462 Toronto.**

DEAR SIRS:— I received my Watch and it is far better than I expected. It is give more than you promise. I work was not enough for this Prize. WILLIAM J. JOHNSTON. FARLEY, ONT.

FREE

Solid Gold or Silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling at 15c. each only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.05, and receive this beautiful bracelet postpaid. **JEWELRY CO., TORONTO.**

151 SONGS 10c.

Words and Music Complete, the choicest gems and latest hits. A Wreath of Roses, Anvil Chorus, Dream On, The Man in the Moon, Work Niggers Work, Old Zip Coon, and 145 other Scotch, Irish, English, coon, comic and pathetic. A grand collection, one volume attractively bound. Price 10c. **The Novelty Co.** Box **401** Toronto